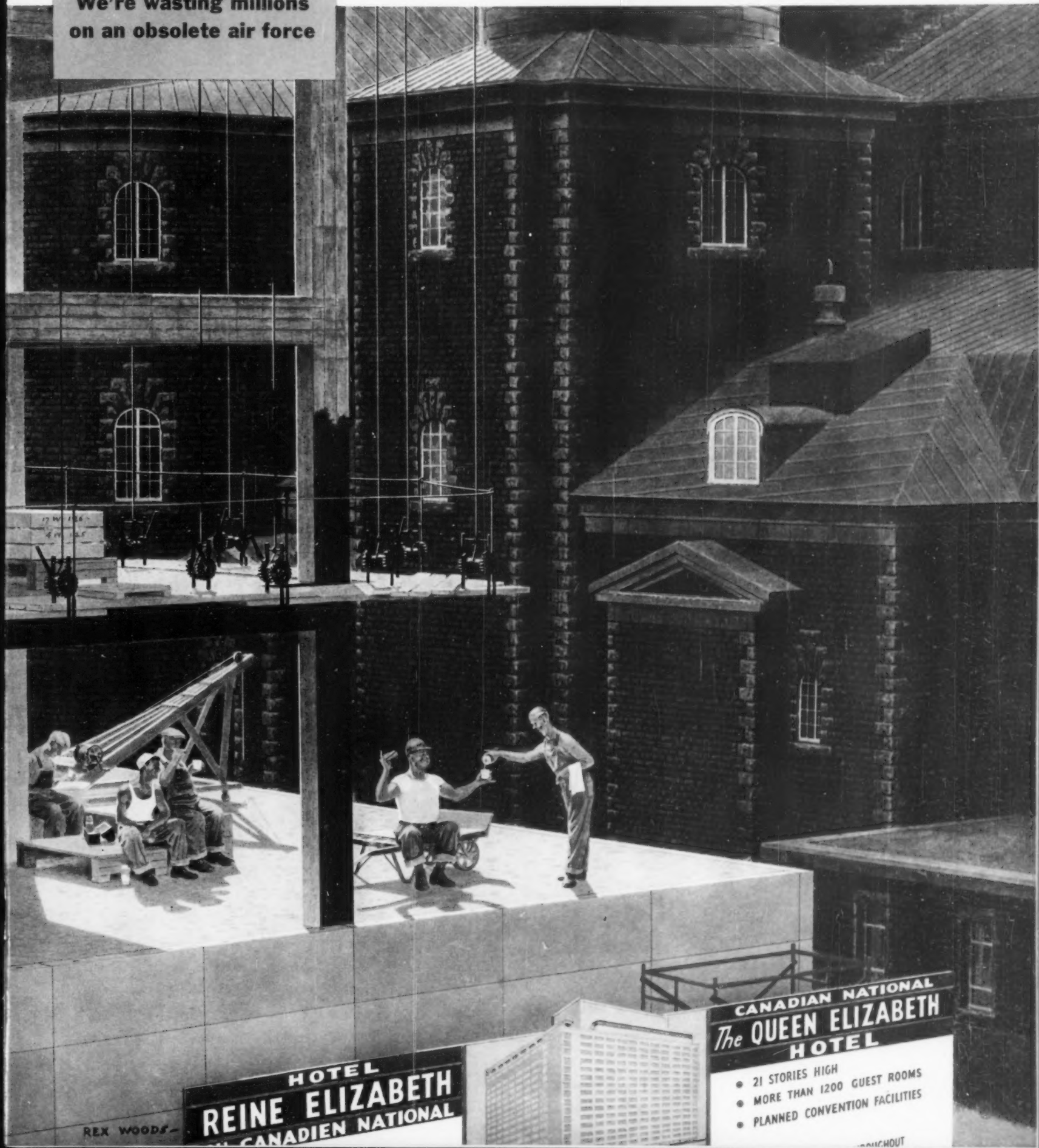


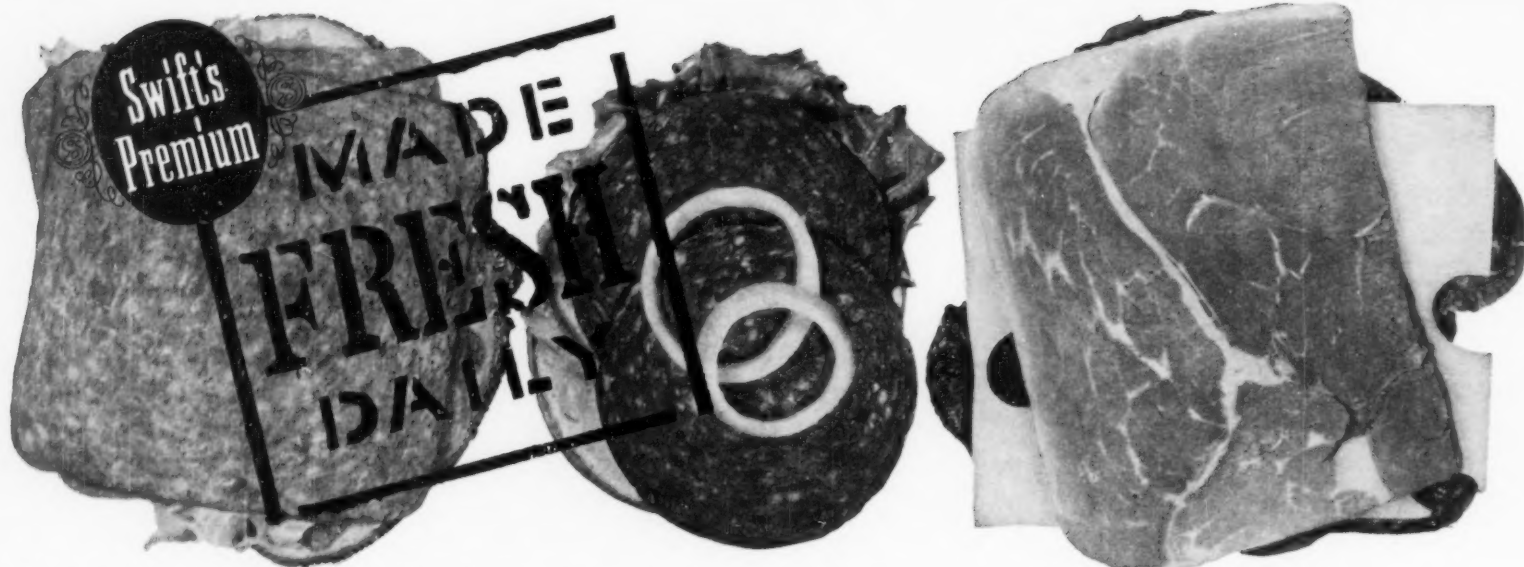
Can science
conquer the
virus diseases?

Lt.-Gen. GUY SIMONDS says
We're wasting millions
on an obsolete air force

MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 4 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST 4, 1956

VOLUME 69

NUMBER 16

Editorial

Let's be sensible about the next Royal Tour

It seems likely that the Queen will accept the invitation to visit Canada in 1959 to open the St. Lawrence Seaway and tour the nation. That gives us just three years to prepare for the event and, judging by the record of previous royal tours, we will need every minute of it.

For a royal tour, as practiced in mid-twentieth-century Canada, is an exhausting and complicated rite for Queen and commoner alike. It has developed into a sort of national orgy that can occupy tens of thousands of man-hours of labor, some of them useless. We venture to say that the amount of energy consumed in producing illuminated scrolls and examples of native beadwork alone, for presentation to Her Majesty, would be enough to light a small city.

This is one reason why we would prefer to see the Queen visit us much more frequently but much less ostentatiously. Modern air travel makes it quite possible for her to slip across the Atlantic for tea with the Prime Minister, or a day's fishing in Quebec, or a visit to the Canadian National Exhibition, or a moonlight cruise to Bowen Island, B.C. We think these small excursions ought to be brought off with a minimum of fuss—for our sake as well as for hers. In short we would prefer to see her treated as a charming and gracious human being, rather than as a visiting deity.

It is this growing cult of royalty-worship that concerns us. It comes dangerously close to competing with organized religion, as at least one Church of England publication has pointed out. Besides being presumptuous it can also be dangerous. The pedestal on which the sovereign and her family are placed is becoming narrower and higher as each decade passes. When somebody topples from it, the crash almost inevitably shakes the throne.

The tragedy of the Duke of Windsor is still fresh in most memories, and those who are too young to remember it are continually having it refreshed, yet few lessons have been learned from it. The smiling Prince of Wales was accorded an adulation usually reserved for saints and healers. People rushed to touch him in the apparent hope that this would confer some magical power. One biographer soberly wrote that the young man was possessed of so much natural acumen that, were he to enter private life, he would immediately be placed at the head of a large business concern. Unhappily for the throne of Britain, the young man turned out to be human, not divine.

But it is becoming increasingly more difficult for the sovereign and those about her to be human. Foibles considered normal among others (and once considered normal among royalty) are now magnified so that an impetuous but understandable remark by the Queen's consort or a romantic attachment by the Queen's sister can cause untold harm and bitterness.

This concept of British royalty is a modern one, less than a century old. We think it is a bad concept and an unnecessary one. The Scandinavians, with their usual good sense, have managed to modify it without harming in any way the regard in which their royal families are held. King Frederik of Denmark can conduct a symphony orchestra, cycle through the streets of Copenhagen with his queen and answer his own telephone without endangering the love his subjects bear him.

We applaud this healthy attitude to royalty. We see no reason why it can't work in the commonwealth. And for these reasons we hope that when the Queen visits Canada, we will treat her with respect and affection—but not with idolatry.

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Tea time at the Elizabeth

We asked artist Rex Woods for a cover report on the building of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal. We got it, and more—the heady stuff history is made of: a record of the first pinkie being raised at the Elizabeth.

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BANFF TEA HOUSE SURVIVES ROARING AVALANCHE

Fir Plywood-reinforced Roof helps save Chairlift Terminal Building

Designing the 3,240 feet chairlift that carries skiers and sightseers up Banff's famed Mount Norquay confronted engineer Ray Wardell with unique problems. Location of the upper terminal, which houses lift mechanism and a tearoom, was in a possible avalanche path. Snugging the structure into the rock face of the mountain left only the roof exposed.



Under construction, tea house roof is sheathed with 4' x 8' fir plywood panels.

Magnitude of the force of possible avalanches dictated use of Douglas fir plywood sheathing. A double layer of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch fir plywood, bonded and sheathed with roofing material, was laid over closely spaced, structurally engineered joists and beams.

When the anticipated avalanche blasted over the teahouse this spring a 2,500 pound stone chimney was sheared off and the roof buried under 300 tons of compacted snow. The chimney was carried 40 feet and two 400 pound concrete caps disappeared completely. When snow was cleared, the only roof damage was a 6 inch diameter dent from the crashing chimney. Pleased with the performance of fir plywood roof sheathing, Mr. Wardell said: "With the use of fir plywood, danger of racking was eliminated and high, uneven pressure was transmitted more evenly to the supporting structure."

Comprehensive, authoritative technical information is available to architects, engineers and contractors by writing to **Plywood Manufacturers Association of British Columbia**, 550 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B.C.



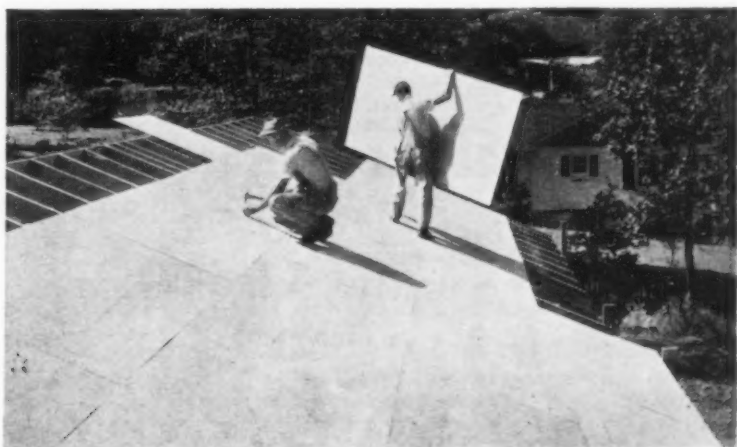
6,840 feet up Mount Norquay starts some of the best skiing in North America. Here, too, avalanches threaten at certain times of the year. Machinery for a chairlift had to be anchored and sheltered at this level, together with refreshment facilities. Many called it "foolishness" to hope any structure could defy an avalanche in the Rockies.



Chairlift deposits passengers in front of tea room terminal. Avalanche started at top of mountain visible above roof line, blasted through "V" of rocks.



After the avalanche, an 8 foot layer of hard-packed snow was shovelled off the roof. One chimney was gone, another displaced, but the fir plywood roof was intact and quite sound.



Roof Sheathing to withstand an avalanche is not every builder's problem. Fir plywood strength and rigidity are important, however, to any structure. The suburban home shown here will never have any trouble with heavy snow loads or racking.



Floor Underlayment of fir plywood gives smooth, ridge-free surface which makes an ideal base for all flexible floorings.



Wall Sheathing with fir plywood panels speeds erection. Panels meet on studs with minimum of sawing.

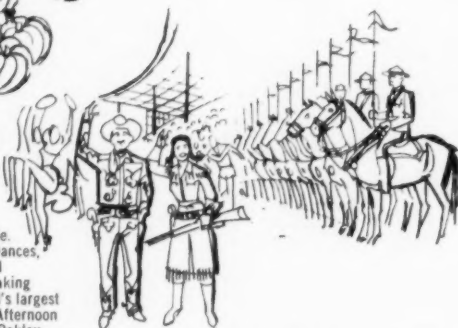
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TORONTO
AUG. 24
SEPT. 8

WILLIAM A. HARRIS President
HIRAM E. McCALLUM General Manager

FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

W. KENT POWER QC DEMANDS:

Throw out our cruel divorce law!

At a conservative estimate there are probably fifty thousand deserted spouses in Canada, plus an equal or larger number who are living apart under an express or tacit agreement or judicial decree of separation. A veteran social worker said recently, "In almost every business establishment I enter there are deserted wives working to maintain themselves and their children." A prominent Alberta woman who lives in a small hamlet wrote the writer, "This phase of the situation did not occur to me until our discussion in Edmonton, but within two days after my return home I heard of six cases in our little community; and the majority of them (the deserted ones) were men." The plight of the deserted young husband is, by the way, often more tragic than that of the deserted wife; if he has no close woman relative willing to take in or look after his children the only thing he can do, as a rule, is to place them in an institution.

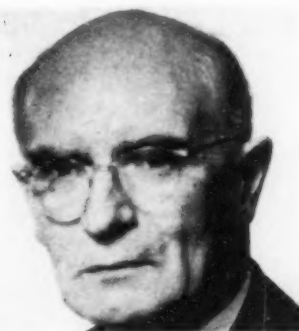
Yet, nowhere in Canada is desertion, no matter how many years it has continued, a ground for divorce (although it has been a ground in Scotland since 1560).

After a man whose wife had not been heard of for twenty-nine years began to take steps to obtain a court order declaring that she was presumably dead, she turned up "in the old village" in England. He had to be informed that nothing could be done for him unless he could obtain evidence (perhaps at much expense) that she had committed adultery.

No hope for the deserted

The prevalent notion that an absence for seven years without word of the absent one's whereabouts entitles the deserted spouse to a divorce is absolutely wrong; what it does entitle him or her to, on proving that every reasonable effort has been made to locate the missing spouse, is a judicial pronouncement of presumption of death. That entitles the applicant to obtain a marriage license and marry again without fear of being prosecuted for bigamy; but it does not dissolve the original marriage, and if the missing one is still alive when children are born of the newly "married" couple, those children are illegitimate.

This harsh legal truth, that desertion is nowhere in Canada a ground for divorce, is what makes much of the talk indulged in by popular speakers and writers and family-welfare workers about bringing about reconciliations absolutely irrelevant. How



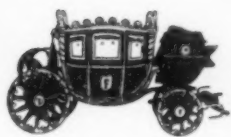
Kent Power QC, of Calgary, has written and lectured on law and divorce in Canada for more than forty years.

can a couple be persuaded to make another try at getting along together when one of them cannot be found, or, if found, will not return or even answer letters?

Under the law in force in Ontario and the four provinces west of it, the only ground on which a husband can obtain a divorce is adultery (a wife has two additional grounds—two unnatural sexual offenses). The law in the Maritimes is almost the same, except that in Nova Scotia cruelty has been a ground for divorce since 1758, exactly one hundred years before judicial divorces began to be granted in England.

But the interpretation of "cruelty" is a very narrow one, and therefore the press, although not correct, is not far wrong in repeating, as it so often does, that adultery is the only ground for divorce recognized by the law in Canada. Proof of a single act of adultery is sufficient; and the writer is in full agreement with the statement made by Chief Justice Adamson of Manitoba in a case before the court in 1945 that "to make an isolated act of adultery the sole and only ground for divorce is wrong in principle and vicious in practice." Such a law, it is perhaps unnecessary to point out, emphasizes the physical side of marriage to the point of ignoring all other phases of it.

It will be said with truth that a judicial separation can be obtained for causes other than adultery. But a separation, whether by judicial decree, agreement or mere desertion, is no cure for a broken home; it does not enable the wronged party to re-establish a home on a legal, respectable and wholesome basis. The result of the present law is that the deserted spouse in very many instances forms an illicit union and the children, if any, grow up **continued on page 45**



BODY BY FISHER



BALL-RACE
STEERING



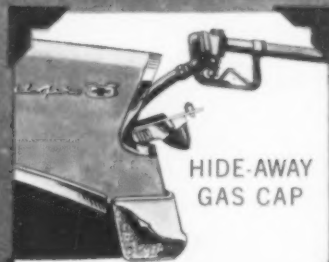
HYDRAULIC-HUSHED
VALVE-LIFTERS
IN ALL "BLUE-FLAME" AND
"TURBO-FIRE" ENGINES



OUTRIGGER REAR SPRINGS



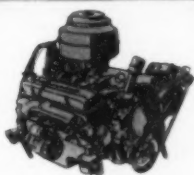
SAFETY
DOOR
LATCHES



HIDE-AWAY
GAS CAP



ANTI-DIVE
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3 ENGINE
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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Mr. Nickle's strange day of glory

Browning wrote a charming poem called Pippa Passes which dealt with a young woman's adventures of a single day. In emulation thereof I intend in this London Letter to give you a prose poem entitled Nickle Passes.

Do not be misled into thinking that the subject of this sketch is a metal. On the contrary he is very human, being no less a person than the Hon. William McAdam Nickle, QC, MBE, MC, Ontario's Minister of Planning and Development.

This is the time of the year when Canadian voices on the London telephone are no novelty. All they want is two good seats in the public gallery of the House of Commons when Sir Winston Churchill or Sir Anthony Eden will be speaking. Most of them soften the blow with the voluntary statement that they read the London Letter in Maclean's every week or every month. They never by any chance read it every fortnight which seems rather odd.

However, when one morning recently a Canadian voice on the telephone said that it (the voice) belonged to William McAdam

free for lunch and joined the family in St. John's Wood. He proved a good companion and during the conversation it was easy to discover that he had two heroes—Premier Leslie Frost of Ontario and ex-Premier Sir Winston Churchill of Great Britain—and in that order. Mr. Frost and Mr.



British Chancellor Macmillan saw his \$80-million windfall waning.

Nickle served with the Canadians in the 1914-18 war, both were wounded and now they are together in the Ontario government.

"What's on in parliament today?" he asked. The answer was that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was expected to announce the acceptance of the terms for the sellout of the British-owned Trinidad Oil Company to the Texas Oil Company.

"That's bad," said Mr. Nickle. Then with admirable clarity he gave a description of how the American dollar was forcing its way into Canada and other territories within the commonwealth. It was good to hear him. Here was robust patriotism coupled with a robust realism.

I explained that the Trinidad sale would probably be raised at the end of question time when everything said to the minister would have to be couched in interrogatory form. This is to prevent a prolonged debate which is quite understandable.

Would Mr. Nickle mind if I quoted his words as coming from an Ontario minister of the crown without mentioning his name? Our guest agreed and we discussed the exact wording of the statement that would **continued on page 24**



Ontario's Bill Nickle warned the British of a U. S. dollar invasion.

Nickle, Minister of the Department of Planning and Development in the Ontario government, it came as no surprise. My old friend Colonel Baptist Johnston, who is the Queen's Printer in Toronto, had already warned me to expect him.

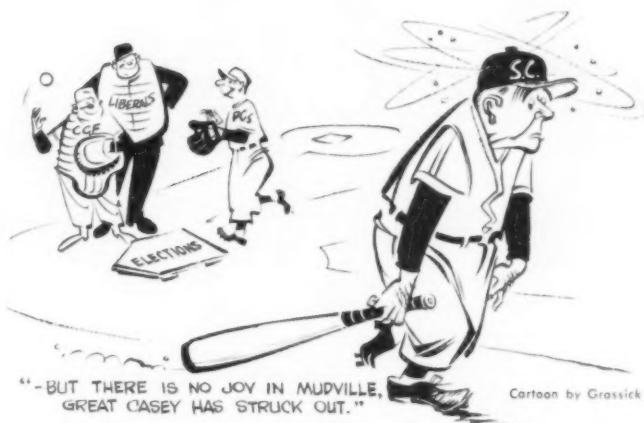
Quite rightly, "Bap" believes, like Shakespeare, that there should be a fanfare of trumpets when a man of importance sets foot on the stage.

By good fortune Mr. Nickle was



Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



After such a flamboyant campaign it was an unexpectedly feeble showing.

How the Socred blitzkrieg failed

It isn't often that Liberals, Conservatives and CCFers all take equal comfort from the same election results, but this happened at the "little general election" in three provinces a month ago. No national party found the elections an unmixed blessing; Liberals lost seats in the east and votes in the west. Conservatives held New Brunswick but were extinguished in Saskatchewan; the CCF lost some ground in the one province where it is strong. But one thing at least delighted all three—the unexpectedly feeble showing of the Social Credit Party.

Right up to the end of the Saskatchewan campaign they thought Social Credit might replace the Liberals as official opposition in the legislature. Conservative Senator W. M. Aseltine, of Rosetown, CCF Leader M. J. Coldwell, and Ross Thatcher, the Moose Jaw MP who is a bitter apostate from the CCF, don't ordinarily agree on many things, but they all agreed on election eve that ten or a dozen seats were in grave danger of falling to the Social Credit onslaught.

Seldom had the province seen such a blitzkrieg. Premiers Manning of Alberta and Bennett of British Columbia, with a dozen of their provincial cabinet ministers, had led a campaign that seemed to be supplied with more cash than the other three parties put together.

"These Socreds from the west ought to wear badges," a harried

CCF worker said to M. J. Coldwell. "There's so many of 'em here they're liable to be canvassing each other."

In Quebec, though not a single candidate wore the Social Credit label, the threat appeared to be even more grave. To the shame and dismay of Liberals in other provinces, Quebec Liberal Leader Georges Emile Lapalme had joined forces with a splinter group that claims to stand for Social Credit principles. It's called the Union of Electors, and is headed by a onetime leader of the Social Credit Party in Quebec, Louis Even.

Lapalme agreed to put some vague lip service to Social Credit monetary theory in the Liberal campaign platform. Four members of the Union of Electors were nominated as Liberal candidates, and all over Quebec the Union, which claimed to control hundreds of thousands of votes, put itself at the Liberals' disposal. Had the election result come up to the expectations of Liberal optimists—a gain of ten to twenty seats—the Union of Electors would have claimed and probably got the lion's share of credit; had a Liberal government of Quebec been elected with a small majority, the Union would have held the balance of power.

But by the same reasoning, when election day came and the Liberals actually lost seats, the boasted strength of the Union of Electors

continued on page 51



You need more protection now for "life's rainy days"

Raincoats, umbrellas—these are the normal precautions of a family against the uncertainties of the weather. But all thinking men know there is another uncertainty for which coverage should also be provided—the "rainy days" of financial adversity that may come should anything happen to the bread-winner.

That is why family men in increasing numbers are turning to time-tested Imperial Life plans for the protection they need. And one of these, the Family Income Plan, has proven the ideal answer for many family situations. It enables the father to provide at very low cost a plan that will give adequate income to the family during those expensive years of children's upbringing, should anything happen to him.

You can find out about this without cost or obligation. Just send the coupon.

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Name

Address

iced tea



*easy to make...
exciting to serve*
Hot tea made double strength and poured into ice-filled glasses gives you iced tea in a jiffy. Just add sugar to taste and serve with lemon.



man...that's

Cool!

When you sip a tall, frosty glass of iced tea, you get a refreshing pick-up and a deep-down cool feeling that lasts . . . Wonderful! Just try it!

It's a good thought to keep iced tea on hand for thirsty members of the family and for guests who drop in. Here is a tested recipe you will want to try out:

A Quart of Iced Tea

Pour half a pint of freshly boiling water over 6 teaspoons of tea or 4 tea bags. After five minutes, pour the liquid into a quart container and make up to capacity with cold water. Made this way iced tea will hold its quality and flavour for 3-4 hours. To prevent clouding it is better not to refrigerate the tea—serve in ice-filled glasses. (If clouding should occur, just add a little boiling water to clear.)

Cut lemon in wedges or slices and serve on the side. Add sugar to taste.

For those special occasions, a sprig of mint in the glass gives a touch of glamour and adds an exciting new flavour.

Clip and keep this useful recipe



TEA COUNCIL

Leon Koerner's one-man giveaway program

Canada's happiest spender is this
Czech millionaire who arrived here seventeen years ago to
start a new life . . . and hated it. "Now I know it
was God's blessing," he says, and works five hours a day
giving away millions to make amends

By McKenzie Porter

PHOTO BY JACK V. LONG

In Shaughnessy Heights, Vancouver's stateliest district, there is a forty-six-year-old mansion standing in two acres of well-kept gardens. It is furnished with richly upholstered chairs and divans that were custom-built in prewar Europe. About its spacious rooms stand seventeenth- and eighteenth-century writing desks, chests and cabinets. Antique mirrors, candelabra and chiming clocks glint in the hall. The floors are spread with thick rugs, the best that money can buy in India, China and Persia. Oil paintings, some by world masters, cover the walls. An elevator goes down to a luxurious private movie theatre, or up to bedrooms fit for royalty.

Every morning, after breakfast cooked by a Chinese chef and served by a housekeeper, a short, dark, sallow man of sixty-four, with lively brown eyes, a beaky nose, courtly manners and a broken-English accent, gives his blond wife a peck on the cheek, and leaves by a side door. He walks through a profusion of flower beds to an old coach house, deeper in the grounds. Here he has an office overlooking, through sliding floor-to-ceiling windows, a goldfish pond and an arbor of

fruit trees. When he takes his place behind a mahogany desk he is joined by a woman secretary who lives in an apartment above the adjacent three-car garage.

His name is Leon Koerner. His wife is the former Thea Rosenquist, once a star of the Vienna stage. Although Koerner has been in Canada only seventeen years he plays, in that office, the role of a miniature Carnegie.

Since 1939, when he came to Canada as a Czech refugee, and founded a Vancouver company now known as Alaska Pine and Cellulose Ltd., Koerner has built a stake of more than a million dollars into a fortune said to run between five and ten million dollars. Alaska Pine is B.C.'s biggest producer of the kind of wood pulp that now goes into textiles. As a producer of lumber, Alaska Pine is outstripped in B.C. only by its neighbor the giant MacMillan and Bloedel Ltd. It rates fourth in the province after the Powell River Co. Ltd., MacMillan and Bloedel Ltd., and Crown Zellerbach Canada Ltd., as a producer of wood pulp for paper and newsprint. While most other lumber millionaires enjoy running race horses, sailing yachts or building fabulous homes Koerner prefers sharing his wealth. He lives in the same house he once rented at the Depression rate of seventy dollars a month and later **continued on page 34**

Leon Koerner directs his spending program in an office lined in hemlock that made his fortune.



One in every eight
Canadian homes
is slowly falling apart,
soon to become
part of a slum
with its by-products of
disease and distress.
Can WE beat this blight?

HERE'S WHAT BALTIMORE FOUND . . .



A CITY NEGLECTED: Littered slums like this bred disease and crime in Baltimore. With federal help the city demolished some, cleaned up others.

A blueprint to stop our cities' d

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Living space is a lot the same in these three projects but rents vary widely. So



\$35

BALTIMORE PUBLIC HOUSING

Lafayette Courts were built with federal aid. The rents depend on income, average \$35.



\$62

TORONTO PUBLIC HOUSING

Regent Park was financed by city to help low-income families. The average rent is \$62.



\$90

MON
With
simila



A CITY REFURBISHED: This is the same site pictured at left, after being cleared and replaced with six hundred dwelling units of Gilmor Homes.

' decay

ly. So does financing



MONTREAL PRIVATE HOUSING

With normal profit to builders, investors, similar Montreal units cost \$90 per month.

All major Canadian cities, and not a few smaller ones, are vitally and nervously concerned about the danger of being choked to death by a kind of dry rot from within. It is this slow decay that is partly responsible for the housing crisis that has become Canada's number-one social problem. Every growing city faces it; all are groping toward a solution.

The prime cause of decay is that every house grows older year by year. Each year it becomes more difficult to keep in repair. There are almost four million dwellings in Canada and more than a quarter of these are fifty years old or more. Nearly half of a million Canadian homes are in need of major repairs.

But there are other reasons for decay, too, in an expanding population. Homes aren't being built fast enough and thousands of low-income families are sharing quarters with others, helping to deteriorate large sections of each city. Booming business districts, swelling like balloons, have played hob with surrounding residential areas. Garages, restaurants, dry-cleaning establishments are now scattered helter-skelter among private homes, whose residents flee the dirt and exhaust fumes. Their houses are sometimes purchased by speculators who pack as many tenants in each home as possible. Thus the blighted areas spread, block by block.

Can anything be done to halt this rot?

Baltimore, Maryland, a city about as big as Toronto, thinks it has found part of the answer. It has feverishly embarked on a program it calls "urban renewal," and that new term may prove to be one of the most significant coined in this decade.

The aim is to restore the city to health by the drastic surgery of rotten parts and by the rehabilitation and replanning of the ailing parts. Every Canadian city from Victoria, B.C., to St. John's, Nfld., stands to profit by Baltimore's experiences

in a new field of social engineering. "Urban renewal is the 1956 version of pioneering," says Oliver C. Winston, the fifty-two-year-old Texan who has been appointed Baltimore's urban renewal co-ordinator.

The cornerstone of the Baltimore program is the provision of low-cost housing. For how can you raze slums if you have no homes for the people who are displaced? The HABC (Housing Authority of Baltimore City), with funds provided by the federal and municipal governments, will shortly complete its ten-thousandth home for the one million residents of Baltimore. It is sobering to note that Canada with sixteen million people has built only about half as many subsidized public-housing units. The largest public-housing development in this country is Regent Park North, with thirteen hundred units, located in southeast Toronto. There is already a backlog of five thousand applicants hammering on Regent Park's doors.

The rent paid by HABC tenants depends on the size of their pay cheque and family (the more children, the lower the rent). Some pay as little as twenty dollars a month; others as much as sixty-three. The average rental is thirty-five dollars, including lighting and heating costs. To qualify for a home the tenant must be the head of a family and be living in a substandard dwelling. He needs no fixed minimum income but, when his earnings reach \$3,100, he must leave to make way for a tenant with a smaller income. For his money the tenant is given a modern apartment or duplex with from one to four bedrooms, depending on the number of children he has. The new eleven-story apartments, with exterior balconies running the full length of each floor, look like luxury-type apartment houses. These cost about \$10,500 per unit to build and the buildings are attractive. As Oliver Winston says, "Public housing doesn't have to be ugly."

If the tenant had to **continued on page 40**

Can science beat the VIRUS DISEASES?

BY JANICE TYRWHITT

**The "miracle" drugs didn't lick
all disease.
They can't cope with most viruses.
Here's an up-to-the-minute report
on the race
to solve such mysteries as POLIO,
CANCER, and the COMMON COLD**

A new catchword has recently crept into our conversation. Whenever we discuss health, we've found a new whipping boy to blame for every ill from cancer to the common cold. We have a new label for the sniffling, feverish, aching ailments of the 1950s, those baffling sicknesses for which doctors can't always supply a name. "It's a virus," we say when we don't know what ails us—and we're probably right.

Virus is a term used to cover a group of micro-organisms infinitesimally small but so powerful and pervasive that they prey on humans, animals, birds, fish, frogs, insects, plants and even bacteria. Spread by animals, insects, excrement and respiratory discharge, they cause a multitude of diseases, including poliomyelitis, measles, mumps, influenza and colds in the head. Some scientists even blame viruses for cancer, while others are using them to *destroy* cancerous growths.

Two great families of germs—viruses and bacteria—are responsible for practically all the contagious disease in Canada. Other agents such as protozoa (minute animals that cause tropical diseases like malaria), rickettsia (insect-borne organisms halfway in size between a bacterium and a virus), parasitic worms and fungi aren't a serious problem in this country.

Unlike bacterial infections, sickness caused by viruses can seldom be cured with the miracle drugs, sulfa (synthetic chemical compounds) and the antibiotics (penicillin, streptomycin and other natural substances produced by molds). When they first came into use they were so spectacularly successful in combating bacteria that many previously perilous conditions such as syphilis, typhoid, mastoid and peritonitis were brought under control. Though the public glibly predicted the swift conquest of disease, scientists have found that, with a few minor exceptions,

virus diseases aren't susceptible to any wonder drug yet produced. The exceptions include psittacosis, a comparatively rare illness carried by birds; trachoma, an eye infection; and virus pneumonia, which some doctors claim to have curbed with aureomycin. Against other virus diseases our only protection is a vaccine, such as the Salk antipolio vaccine, which keeps us from catching the disease in the first place.

The fact that viruses resist wonder drugs makes them one of our most urgent medical problems. In Ottawa, the Department of National Health and Welfare recently set up a new laboratory devoted to virus study. Dr. A. J. Rhodes, research director of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto and a world authority on virology, says, "The discovery of antibiotics has focused our attention on the residue of infectious illnesses, most of which are caused by viruses."

Some doctors believe that our victory over bacteria has actually given viruses a greater chance to spread because they no longer have to compete with other germs for sources of sustenance. "These virus diseases have been running wild since we've killed off the other diseases," says Dr. W. S. Aitchison, associate director of the Toronto Department of Public Health.

There's a second reason why the miracle drugs have stimulated virus research. Paradoxically, the antibiotics that won't cure virus infections are indirectly helping to bring them under control by making them easier to investigate. Scientists study viruses by growing them in live body tissue inside test tubes, and the injection of penicillin into the tube isolates the virus by getting rid of any bacterial interlopers.

While some virologists concentrate on human disease, others study economically important viruses that attack crops and livestock. Animal viruses cause distemper and rabies in dogs, foot-and-mouth disease in cattle and encephalitis in horses. Myxomatosis, recently used to cut down the fast-breeding rabbit population in Australia, is one of the few viruses man has ever harnessed for his own purposes. Horticulturists breed striped tulips by inoculating the flowers with a virus, but most plant viruses cause nothing but trouble for farmers who grow tobacco, tomatoes and potatoes. And Dr. F. d'Herelle, who discovered in 1917 that even bacteria have their own virus diseases, had a magnificent scheme for training viruses to eat bacteria, but his plan didn't work. Though many scientists spent the next fifteen years trying to control bacterial infections by attacking them with viruses, results were disappointing and the idea was eventually abandoned.

The scientists currently studying bacterial viruses have a long-range purpose—they're trying to find out exactly how a virus operates. What makes it different from other microbes? First, its size: the world's smallest living organism is the virus of foot-and-mouth disease whose diameter is only ten millionths of a millimeter. All viruses are so small that no one suspected their existence until 1892, when a Russian botanist named Ivanovski stumbled across the virus of a plant disease called tobacco mosaic. He thought the disease was caused by a bacterium and tried to isolate it by passing tobacco sap through a porcelain filter. To his astonishment he found that the bacteria-free filtrate was still capable of infecting plants. He refused to believe his own evidence, but later researchers confirmed his discovery and named the tiny disease agents "filterable viruses."

When they found that some viruses such as psittacosis (parrot fever) were large enough to be trapped by filters, scientists dropped the term "filterable" and searched for another **continued on page 42**



This is polio virus magnified 77,000 times. It's impervious to "miracle" drugs but not vaccine.

These are some known VIRUS DISEASES

- + **Poliomyelitis**, which flourishes where the standard of living is highest.
- + **Infective hepatitis (jaundice)** and **virus pneumonia**, two diseases apparently growing more common.
- + **Pharyngeal-conjunctival** fever, a newly recognized eye disease that reached epidemic proportions in Toronto swimming pools this time last year.
- + **The common cold**, our most troublesome minor complaint and industry's biggest time-waster.
- + **Influenza**, the disease that caused the worst pandemic in history after World War I.
- + **Rabies** and **psittacosis (parrot fever)**, bizarre illnesses that strike when man accidentally becomes a link in a chain of infection spread between animals.
- + **Measles, mumps, chicken pox** and **rubella** (commonly called "German measles," but different from measles), childhood diseases with sinister implications for adults.
- + **Smallpox** and **yellow fever**, two terrors of the past now almost quenched.
- + **Warts, cold sores, shingles**, a tropical fever called **dengue**, eye infections such as **trachoma**, and some types of **conjunctivitis** and several kinds of **encephalitis**.

These are suspected virus diseases

- + **Cancer**, the fatal disease twenty-five percent of us will develop. This year the National Cancer Institute of Canada is spending more than \$27,000 on virus research grants.
- + **Infectious mononucleosis**, the mystery disease that attacks young adults.

Lieut.-General Guy Simonds charges that



We're wasting millions on an obsolete air force

**The army's
ex-Chief of Staff,
foremost critic of Canada's
defense policy,
says that in this
atomic age of guided missiles
we're still committed to
a costly, outdated concept of
military strategy
based on the airplane**

Recently in this magazine I criticized the machinery for the higher direction and control of Canadian defense and expressed the opinion that it was not evolving sound defense policies for Canada. Earlier, I had stated publicly that it was no longer possible to develop a sound defense without organization of our national manpower and instituting a system of national selective service. In response to these views the Canadian Press quoted certain anonymous "responsible officials" of the Department of National Defense to the following effect:

It would seem pointless to draw up elaborate plans for utilization of manpower and industry in event of a violent brief thermo-nuclear war.

When the hydrogen bombs come down the only immediate plan would be for national survival. Mobilization of the armed forces, let alone industry, might be impossible. After the initial holocaust, there might be little industry left to operate even if the manpower could be re-assembled. And the war might be over.

If the conflict continued after the first terrible phase Canada would try to pick up the pieces and mobilize as best it could. . . . The military say they believe nuclear war now is more likely than one fought with conventional weapons.

After spending millions of dollars on the evolution of the CF-100 fighter and embarking on the expenditure of many more millions in the development of the CF-105 fighter and Pinetree and Mid-Canada radar lines, can this be regarded as a satisfactory defense situation for the Canadian nation? And there are great and populous cities in our country that refuse to have anything to do with civil defense, or pay lip service by an indifferent approach to it.

I believe this situation fully justifies my criticisms of the unsoundness of our defense policies, and it is important to retrace the path that has been followed in reaching our present state.

In the world situation today Canada's military policy must be strongly influenced by our relationship to the U.S. and our other partners in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Even in NATO the economic and military power of the United States would render impracticable any strategic policy not supported by American political and military leaders.

But there exist wide and uneasy differences of view as to what is the best policy for the Western bloc to frustrate totalitarian aggression. These differences of view exist as much, or even more, between military advisers and experts than between nations that are partners in the alliance.

Canada has both political and military representation in NATO and the means of military consultation with the U. S. through the Permanent Joint Board on Defense. How has our representation and advice operated to arrive at a result so unsatisfactory from the point of view of the defense of Canada, and indeed the whole of North America? One is left with the impression that our views are so inhibited by a desire to avoid coming face to face with the issue of organizing our national manpower that we have been ready to concur in proposals that seem to avoid that necessity. We have accepted too readily the views of those fanatical representatives of the air forces who believe the airplane is the final arbiter of world strategy.

That air power is the decisive factor in modern war and a deterrent to global war is true, but too many accept without thought the belief that air power is synonymous with air force. I would define air power as the capability to use the air for our own offensive and transport purposes, while denying this use to an enemy.

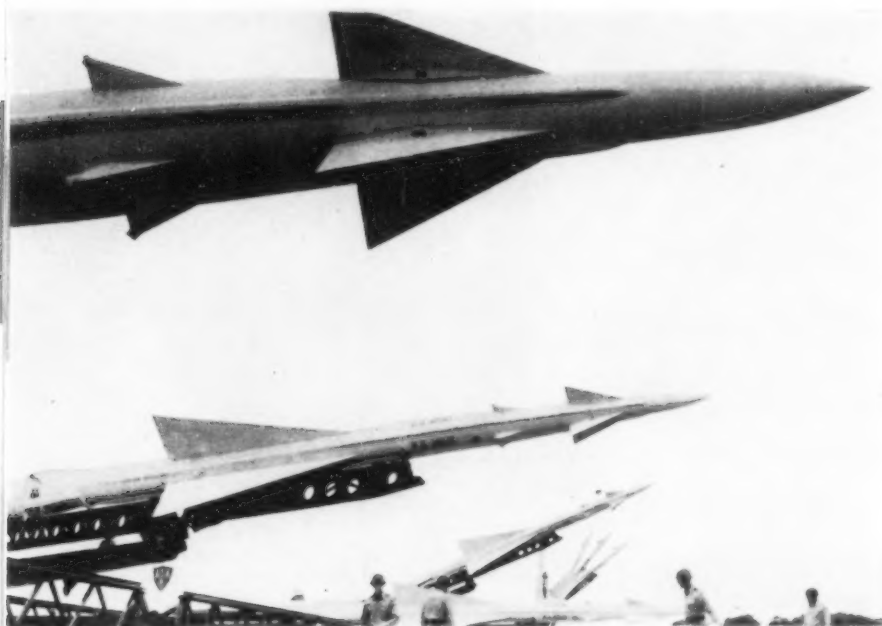
The introduction of long-range missiles in the form of the V.1 and V.2 toward the close of World War II foreshadowed as great a revolution in aerial warfare as the introduction of the submarine did in maritime warfare and mechanization did in warfare on land. But the invention of the jet engine at about the same time promised new potentialities too for the airplane. The air forces of the Western powers turned their backs upon the possibilities of the long-range missile as the toy of a mad Hitlerian gambler, and absorbed the potential of their research and development organizations and aircraft industries in the progressive evolution of the airplane in its conventional military role of bomber and fighter.

The advent of first the atomic and then the thermo-nuclear bomb also promised to air forces the fulfillment of a theory they had long maintained but failed to prove in war, namely that air forces could alone enforce strategic decisions and that naval and land forces were no longer of any consequence in the military order of things. **continued on page 38**

SIMONDS ARGUES

We won't face the manpower issue

"Our views are so inhibited by a desire to avoid coming face to face with the issue of organizing our national manpower that we concur in proposals that seem to avoid that necessity. We accept . . . the views of those fanatical representatives of the air forces who believe the airplane is the final arbiter of world strategy."



SIMONDS SAYS

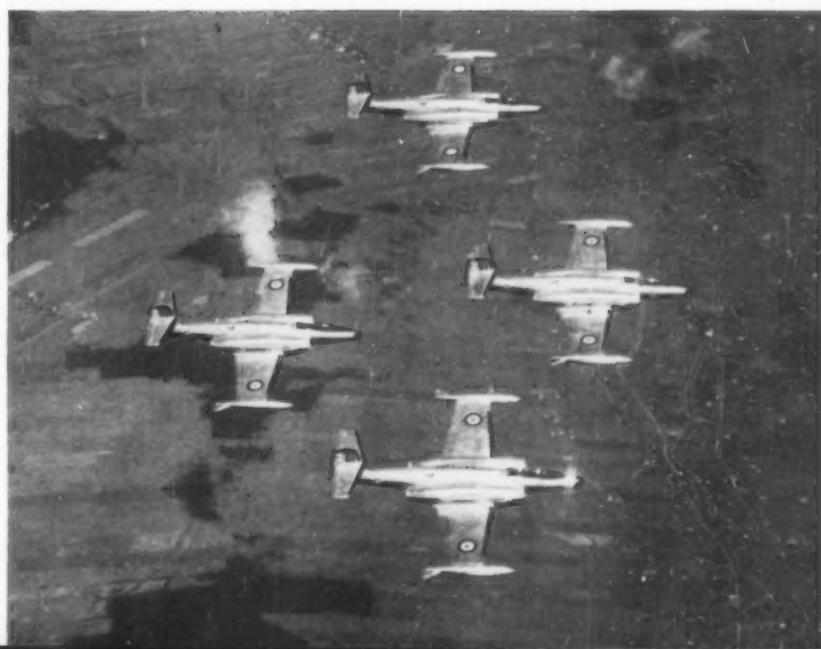
We've lost sight of guided missiles

"The introduction of long-range missiles toward the close of World War II foreshadowed as great a revolution in aerial warfare as the introduction of the submarine did in maritime warfare . . . But the air forces of the Western powers turned their backs on the long-range missile and absorbed the potential of their research in the evolution of the airplane."

SIMONDS INSISTS

We have no adequate air defenses

"An adequate defense that can reduce the effects of attack to bearable proportions is not now attainable . . . We are chasing a will-o-the-wisp . . . By the time this result can be achieved we will be confronted with the challenge of the intercontinental ballistic missile . . . All our efforts should now be directed to seeking an effective defense against the ballistic missile."



We gambled our love on freedom

We met in a German prison camp,
I a British soldier,
Olga a Ukrainian slave worker. We had to choose
... stay and be parted,
or escape together into unknown dangers



Fugitives behind the Curtain, they were married in Warsaw in 1945 while hiding from the Communists. The British embassy helped them elude the Reds.

"It happened to us"

This is another of the new series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

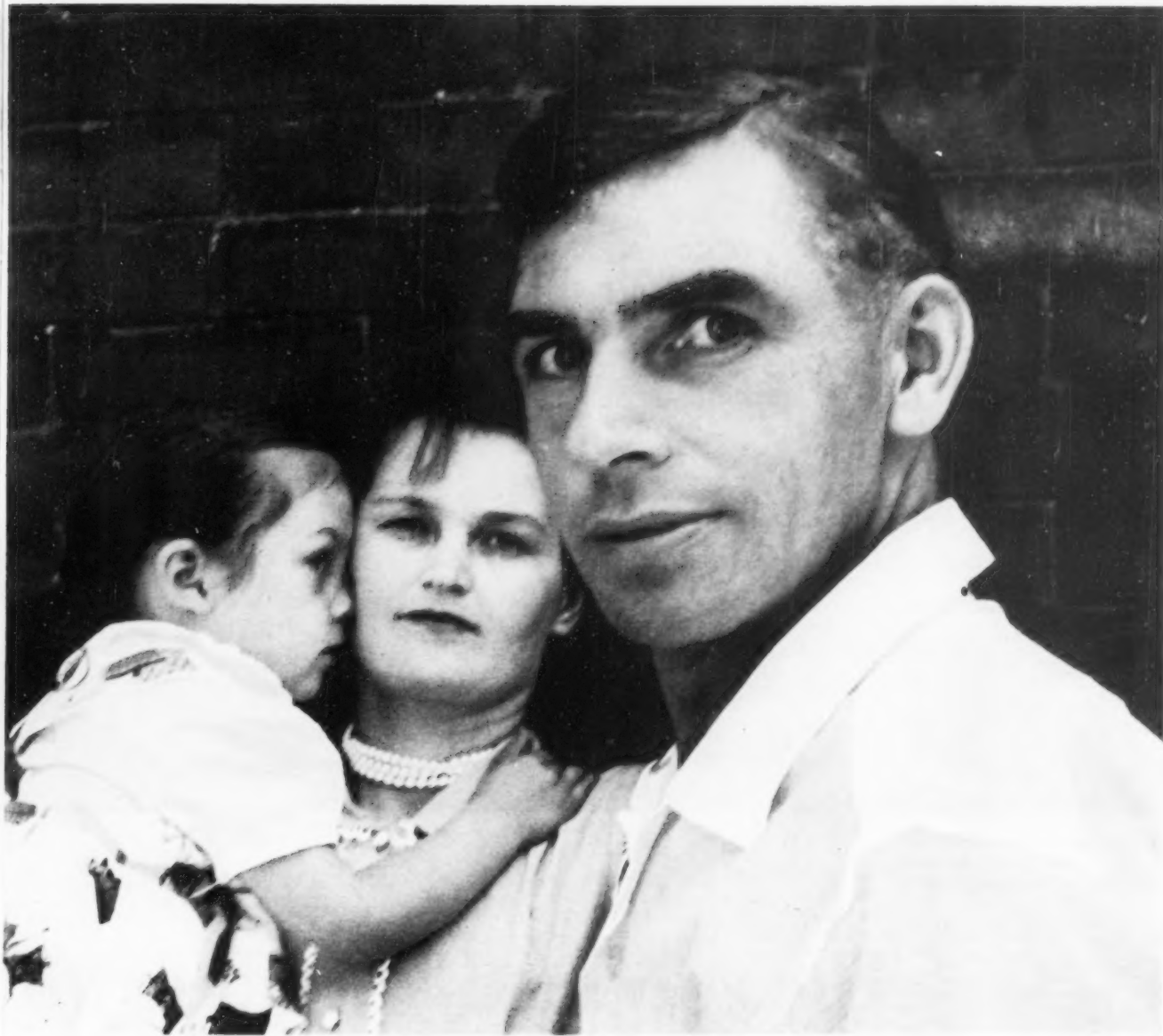
HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For publishable stories Maclean's will pay its regular article rates.

Safe in Canada the Peggs are three now with baby Anne.

By James Pegg

On that midsummer morning in 1942, even before the German guards unlocked the concrete storehouse that was our prison, we knew something special was afoot. The grapevine had passed word: a new batch of Ukrainians had been herded into the slave-labor camp near our prisoner-of-war camp. This was actually a routine event. But after two years the dangers and hardships of POW life—sadistic work bosses, guards with itchy trigger fingers, food that was bad and never enough, dawn-to-dusk toil—all tended to merge in a numbing boredom that made even the arrival of a few more wretched uprooted people something different.

In our storehouse slept the ten British prisoners-of-war assigned to the farm of Herr Bruno Wargent in near Schonau, in East Prussia at the border of the former free city of Danzig. Our "home base"—to which we prayed never to return—was the vast German prisoner-of-war camp at Marienburg, a dozen miles away. I had been captured in the brief British invasion of Norway in April 1940, but my fellow prison-



But in their flight from Nazi slave camps and a Russian prison they often faced death and what they feared even more—capture and separation.

ers were Dunkirk survivors. In addition to us, the German authorities assigned to Herr Wargentin some twenty-five "slave laborers," chiefly women, who lived at a shack encampment about a mile from our storehouse.

The newly arrived Ukrainians, twenty girls and five men, were waiting in the bright dawn at the place by the roadside where the trucks would pick us up. POWs and slave laborers alike, for distribution to the scattered fields. Some wore ragged working clothes; others were incongruously festive in embroidered shirts—snatched up before German evacuation teams drove these unhappy recruits to the slave camps. There was contrast in their expressions, too; some despondent, others with the cheerful look that no misfortune can wipe from the face of young people on a sunny day. One young girl in particular caught my eye. There was a light in her green eyes, a self-assurance in the tilt of her little nose, and her figure was slim and strong under her shapeless dress.

When the trucks stopped for us I boldly pushed my way on to the same one with the green-eyed girl. "Hello," I said, then "good morning" in my best German. She looked at me coldly and silently turned her back.

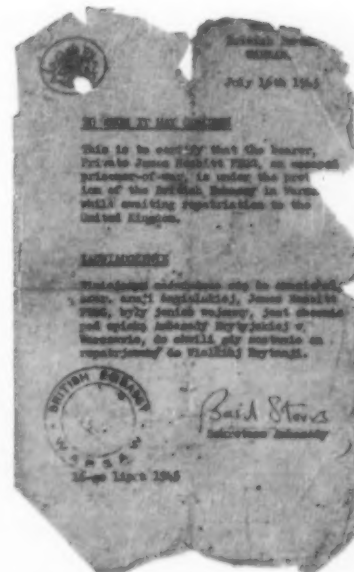
That evening before lockup the POW camp had its first visit from Mickey. He trotted into the yard where, for an hour after we returned from work and before the storehouse's double door was locked on us, we were allowed leisure (under armed guard) for our sparse meal, to wash ourselves and our clothes, and to lounge in the outdoors.

He said his name was Matushka, but he was Mickey to us from then on. Although the Germans usually broke up families when drafting slave-camp workers, somehow ten-year-old Mickey had been allowed to accompany his mother. He was so young that neither our guards nor the German civilian overseers in charge of the slave-labor camp paid much attention to his comings and goings. He already spoke German (it had taken me two years to learn it). I gave him a piece of candy from my last Red Cross parcel, and questioned him about the green-eyed girl.

"Oh, you mean Olga Yurtschenko—the one all the men look at," he said when I described her. I nodded.

"Ask her why she ignored me this morning when I spoke to her on the truck," I said.

Next morning I continued on page 46



Passport to freedom, this paper gave Jim safe conduct, but Reds tried to keep Olga.



Antiques and venerable buildings are Niagara-on-the-Lake's chief attractions today, but once it was one of the most important ports on the Great Lakes and capital of what is now Ontario.

The town that wants to st

In Niagara-on-the-Lake
old ghosts still walk beneath
a tree that grew
before Columbus,
through streets
armies fought for in 1812.
But they're being routed by
modern subdivisions — and we're
losing a priceless shrine



The town is jealously proud of its quiet tree-lined streets and graceful old homes. Named Newark by Gov. John Graves Simcoe, it was later burned by Americans.

When the little Ontario town of Niagara-on-the-Lake was chosen last year as the site of the first World Jamboree of Scouts in Canada, its twenty-five hundred inhabitants broke out in proud cheers, which soon changed to a concerted moan of dismay. Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout of the Commonwealth, would formally open the jamboree, but for the ceremonies the town's lord mayor didn't have a chain of office.

This was an embarrassing situation for the only town in Canada that proudly insists upon the right to call its chief executive the lord mayor—a reminder of the days when it was the first capital of Upper Canada. Hastily, enquiries were sent to Toronto: what would be the cost of a chain to decorate his worship's neck? Faces fell when it was learned the price would be a staggering five hundred dollars.

An anonymous citizen then offered to donate the money, but the town council decided it had no honorable alternative but to pay the price of its dignity. Accordingly, Lord Mayor Bill Greaves, a manufacturer of homemade jams and jellies, was suitably adorned for the occasion—to his obvious embarrassment but his constituents' beaming delight.

Now some people might consider this incident a tempest in a teapot or a farce

worthy of comic operetta. But for this insignificant little town, which sits isolated and forgotten upon a thumbnail peninsula between the mouth of the Niagara River and Lake Ontario, it may well be one of the last desperate battles in a century-and-a-half of deadly serious war for survival. For seldom has any town been founded with greater promise, and seldom has any been so cruelly disappointed.

Today its dreamlike tranquillity is broken only by the cries of sea gulls, the summery laughter of children on its sandy beaches or the lulling murmur of waves lapping against rotting piers. Its tree-lined streets are usually deserted, and railroad tracks on the main street are rusty with disuse. Only in the summer do trains arrive casually to pick up fruit, and then often the engineer has to jump out of his cab to search for the owner of a car parked on the tracks. The town's only visitors are tourists who wander along the grass-covered ramparts of old Fort George to stare curiously at antique cannon whose blocked muzzles peer peacefully across the Niagara River at Fort Niagara, now a museum, on the American side.

But just as Quebec City was the cradle of French Canada, so this little town was the birthplace of English Upper Canada, a powerful and prosperous community that introduced British law and culture into the

then-backwood hamlets of Toronto and Hamilton. Founded in 1783 by United Empire Loyalists, and the first capital of Upper Canada, from 1792 to 1796, its citizens played a prominent role in laying the foundation stones of our country.

For more than fifty years Niagara (it was not called Niagara-on-the-Lake until about 1906) was the busiest port west of Montreal, its docks heavy with cargoes for portaging around Niagara Falls. For this reason it was also the most important Canadian military post on the U.S.-Canadian frontier, garrisoned by red-coated British regiments guarding the lifeline to the upper Great Lakes' forts and settlements.

Socially and culturally it was the heart of the province. The British officers, the *haut monde* of the day, held an unending succession of balls, assemblies, routs and levees. Its merchant princes built aristocratic homes, beautiful churches, hospitable hotels and taverns and the province's first library. The town also boasted the province's first newspaper, the *Upper Canada Gazette*, one issue of which, in 1796, advertised the whole town plot of Hamilton for sale: "975 acres well timbered with 150 acres cleared, a wharf and storehouse."

But its proudest hour came in the War of 1812. For three long, turbulent years the streets of Niagara continued on page 28

stay old-fashioned



In the old tradition Bill Greaves, Canada's only lord mayor, wears chain of office. Though pressed by \$500 outlay, town-proud council insisted he have one.



Field's Drug Store, founded in 1820, claims to be the oldest continuously operated pharmacy in Canada, still stocks such remedies as sassafras.



From his livery Jack Greene watches the changing face of the town as the promise of the St. Lawrence seaway brings an influx of new housing and industry.

First Presbyterian church in Upper Canada burned with the town in 1813. This classic Colonial-style St. Andrew's was built on the same site in 1831.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

He was bored with young
and beautiful stage hopefuls who
promised everything
except talent.

He refused to see them. Then he got . . .

...The secondhand love letter

BY EDWARD KAYLIN

Illustrated by Oscar



On the occasion of my sixtieth anniversary in the theatre, there was the expected round of celebrations — a testimonial dinner of the profession at The Jesters, a banquet at the Waldorf for everyone who could afford twenty dollars a plate for the Actors' Fund, and a succession of private parties given by old friends both social and professional.

There were also numerous interviews which offered me the opportunity to give lavish praise to the great stars I had known years ago and to pass Olympian judgments on those who are around today.

Several of the interviewers asked the stock question about what makes a great actor, or more properly, a great actress. Because the fact is, of course, that in addition to having played opposite most of the great ladies of the stage during the last half century (and known them all), I also have a reputation for being something of what used to be called "a ladies' man."



Well, when you've worked with people like Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Annette Ames, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore — and some of the younger ones like Tallulah Bankhead, Helen Hayes, Edith Evans, Katharine Cornell, and right down to kids like Audrey Hepburn and Julie Harris — you tend to have pretty clear ideas on what makes them great. So I told several inter-

viewers what I thought, and at least some of them got it straight.

I believe that in addition to beauty, poise, a voice, and good roles, a great actress must be able to *imagine* herself into the personality of a character completely unlike herself, so that she can experience and project the deep emotions that character feels. I cited Bernhardt in *Camille*, Annette Ames in *Desire*, Cornell in *The Barretts*, and Julie Harris in *The Member of the Wedding*.

I should have expected it, I suppose — but I must confess I was surprised by the response to the published interviews. In addition to an increase in the usual invita-

tions to cocktail parties, and grand openings of new units of hotel and food chains, the requests to speak at ladies' clubs and college drama classes, the fund solicitations for assorted charities and research projects associated with various phases of the drama, the argumentative communiquees from serious students of the theatre anxious to let me know in detail that they agreed or disagreed with my theories — in addition to all these there was also a skyrocketing ascent in the number of letters from beginning and aspiring actresses looking for jobs.

I am thoroughly used to these letters. For the last twenty-five years I must have averaged ten of them a week. They usually indicate (after some laudatory remarks about me) that the young lady starred in her college dramatic society's presentations, that her performances were favorably reviewed not only by the college newspaper but also by the local press, that she would be willing to do anything, *anything*, for a chance to join my company where she *knows* she would learn a great deal.

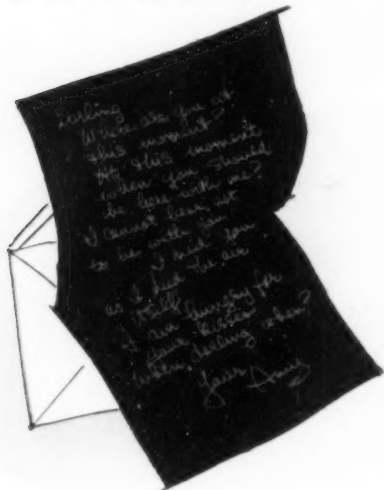
Since I am reluctant to consider anyone who hasn't had at least five years of professional experience, I long ago found it necessary to devise a standard reply to these fledglings just out of college — some of them, for heaven's sake, still *in* college. My usual reply thanks them for their kind words about my great stature in the theatre, and indicates that, unfortunately, I'm too busy and tired (I can get away with that because of my age) to see anyone not personally recommended by my professional associates. Terribly sorry. Best of luck. Yours.

Withal, I enjoy getting their letters. For one thing, they often include pictures. And as I think I pointed out, I've always liked the ladies. It's just that for a long time now I've found it best not to cultivate new ones.

The interview that produced the most letters was, of course, the one that got the lead position in the Sunday drama section. By the following Wednesday morning I



The message, in a hand much less disciplined than the inscription on the envelope, was short and to the point.



Did I understand that she was interested in joining my company?

I told her so. I also told her I saw an emotional quality in her playing that was truly startling in one so young. I said she reminded me a little of Mrs. Pat Campbell or maybe even of Annette Ames who, to me, has always been the ultimate in "living" a part. And then I corrected myself, saying that she probably wouldn't remember them — before her time — and substituted Katharine Cornell.



"Easy," I said. "I'd gotten it once before. From Annette Ames." ★





Small types take their nap when "Mr. Byng" tells them on the radio, write him mash notes, eat what he says.



The private lives of Byng

By BARBARA MOON

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN



With a week full of radio shows Whitteker sometimes sees his children, Megan, Jon and Shelly, only on Sunday when they call him "Sir" and he cooks the dinner. He's expecting an addition to the family—a new foal.

Genzmer Earl "Byng" Whitteker, of Toronto and the CBC, has been talking out loud for a living for twenty-one years. His relaxed, rich voice has probably been heard by more Canadians, whether they know it or not, than that of any other human. Indeed, it's possible that any Canadian who has ever listened to radio has heard Whitteker in one or other of his roles.

Toronto's music lovers know him as a swing devotee and listen to him on such local disk-jockey shows as Byng's Choice. Housewives hear him brightly extolling products like Camay—"New Pink Camay, containing SOOTHING COLD CREAM"—in between installments of soap operas. Across the nation enthusiasts of horse racing, royal tours, football, massed-band tattoos, golf, Lake Ontario swims and other such special events borrow their mind's-eye views from his network reports. And in Metropolitan Toronto, five days a week, thousands of little children are glued to radio station CJBC to listen to an incredibly popular noon-hour show called Small Types Club, which Whitteker invented.

In their minds' eyes, the moppets behold a genial uncle image named "Mr. Byng," a jovial Santa Claus of a man to whom they write con-

BYNG WINS

BYNG PLAYS

BYNG DEALS



Older types sit up late with Whitteker, swapping stories, sampling his skill as a chef and often matching their luck at poker

Whitteker

Canada's best-known announcer is a jovial Santa to kids,

a suave and sympathetic friend to housewives.

But he really prefers poker

and three-horse parlays and only likes kids as an audience

finding little mash notes, enclosing drawings and poems. This circumstance may be regarded as a triumph of professional skill, for away from the microphone Whitteker admits he can take children or leave them alone. He has scarcely uttered the roguish "Sscoot!" that ends the program and sends the kiddies off to afternoon naps before he is impatiently heading for the race-track. For it is no exaggeration to say that he prefers horses to children, jazz to nursery songs, rye to Freshie and poker to pingpong.

But to the kids Mr. Byng is a man who refers to adults as "the grownups"; gives away kittens; passes along birthday instructions ("Judith Prizak, who is six today, is to follow the string from the living-room door"); plays children's records; delivers tot-angled commercials ("You know, small types, I guess the whale is about the luckiest fellow who ever lived! Because he can eat the MOST Jell-O in the whole world"), and furthers the saga of Baby Bee and her family. Baby Bee, who is Whitteker's creation, is a sort of latter-day Honey Bunch who makes snowmen, visits the farm, teaches tricks to a pony and points up a sunny little moral per episode.

The moppets take all this so seriously that

once when Whitteker turned the show over to another announcer who neglected the customary "Sscoot!" the CBC switchboard was swamped with calls from harassed mamas who couldn't get their offspring to bed without it. Mamas also write Mr. Byng, mostly to thank him for keeping their kids quiet for twenty minutes after lunch. One Christmas Whitteker got involved in finding Christmas trees for "poor small types who haven't got one." So many donors called—more than two hundred—that the next show had to be converted from a *matinée musicale* to a Christmas-tree exchange. By the end of the schlemozzle hard-bitten dealers were phoning to offer trees in lots of forty and fifty.

Whitteker doesn't know exactly how many wee fans he has because he got stampeded the only time they stood up to be counted. This occurred seven years ago when he arranged a party for small types at Toronto's Massey Hall. Moppets were lined up around the block a full two hours before the show and so many were finally turned away, including a chartered busload from Kitchener, that a second entertainment had to be scheduled a week later. No one's tried to take census since. **continued on page 33**

Whitteker's an expert broadcasting horse racing and football, and even better at betting the races. He goes every day, rarely loses.



Macleans' Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

The Killing: Egg-domed Kwala Kwarian, as a muscle-man with an ogre's sense of humor, stages a one-man riot to distract the police as a prelude to a racetrack holdup. The incentive: two million dollars. The result is one of the year's freshest and most exciting crime dramas, establishing twenty-seven-year-old Stanley Kubrick as a writer-director of impressive talents.

The Bold and the Brave: Bouncy little Mickey Rooney, whose performances sometimes bore me to pieces, this time is likeable and convincing as a crap-shooting GI in a war story, better than most.

The Eddie Duchin Story: A sentimental biography—quite maudlin in spots but with many pleasant moments—of a popular pianist who became Manhattan's darling in the 1930s. Tyrone Power competently handles the title role. With Kim Novak, James Whitmore.

Gaby: A romantic tear-jerker, presumably of special appeal to women. Wartime London is the locale, and the lovers are an orphaned French ballet dancer (Leslie Caron) and an aw-shucks Yank soldier (John Kerr). Rating: fair.

Josephine and Men: British comedies, when they are good, are very good indeed; but when they are bad they are like Josephine and Men. With Glynis Johns, Jack Buchanan, Donald Sinden.

Magic Fire: Composer Richard Wagner's turbulent life emerges as a dull and solemn tableau, although the film contains several well-sung excerpts from his operas. With Yvonne de Carlo, Rita Gam.

The Proud and Profane: A vulnerable widow in the Red Cross (Deborah Kerr) and an arrogant Marine colonel (William Holden) are the love-hate antagonists in this implausible war romance. It's all expertly acted but I found it hard to swallow.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

An Alligator Named Daisy: British comedy. Fair.
Anything Goes: Musical. Good.
Autumn Leaves: Drama. Good.
Away All Boats: War at sea. Fair.
Bhowani Junction: India drama. Fair.
The Birds & the Bees: Comedy. Fair.
Carousel: Music-drama. Good.
The Catered Affair: Drama. Good.
Comanche: Western. Fair.
The Come-On: Crime and sex. Poor.
The Court Jester: Comedy. Excellent.
Crime in the Streets: Drama. Poor.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.
The Day the World Ended: Drama. Poor.
D-Day, the Sixth of June: Wartime romance. Fair.
Diabolique: Horror mystery. Good.
Female Jungle: Drama. Poor.
Forbidden Planet: Science fiction. Good.
French Cancan: Music-drama. Good.
Geordie: Scottish comedy. Good.
The Great Locomotive Chase: Civil War adventure. Good.
The Harder They Fall: Drama. Good.
Hilda Crane: Drama. Fair.
Johnny Concho: Western. Good.
Jubal: Western drama. Good.
The Ladykillers: Comedy. Good.
Lucky Kid: London drama. Fair.

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit: War-and-business drama. Good.
The Man Who Knew Too Much: Crime and suspense. Excellent.
The Man Who Never Was: Espionage thriller. Excellent.
Meet Me in Las Vegas: Comedy with music and ballet. Excellent.
On the Threshold of Space: Factual science thriller. Good.
Our Miss Brooks: Comedy. Fair.
Patterns: Business drama. Good.
The Price of Fear: Drama. Poor.
Ransom! Suspense drama. Good.
The Revolt of Mamie Stover: Sexy comedy-drama. Poor.
Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.
The Searchers: Western. Fair.
Simon and Laura: Comedy. Good.
Star in the Dust: Western. Fair.
The Swan: Romantic comedy. Excellent.
Too Bad She's Bad: Italian crook comedy. Fair.
A Town Like Alice: Drama. Fair.
Trapeze: Circus drama. Good.
Tribute to a Bad Man: Western. Good.
The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.
23 Paces to Baker Street: Mystery and suspense. Good.
While the City Sleeps: Newspaper and crime drama. Fair.



London Letter continued from page 6

be made if I caught the Speaker's eye. So off we drive to Westminster with London at its glorious best. And while we are making our way through the traffic it might be a good moment to explain what the oil row was about.

1. The Trinidad Oil Company is British-owned and is the only large employer of labor in the island.

2. A fortnight ago the chairman of the company, Mr. Simon Vos, of London, came back and announced that the powerful Texas Oil Company had made a purchase offer of eighty shillings a share. The secret had been so well kept that no one in the market had been operating at all.

3. In the curb (after hours) the shares that had been standing at about sixty shillings zoomed to seventy-five and even higher.

4. Next morning the Daily Express and some other newspapers (but to a lesser extent) raised an almighty row about it.

At the end of question time in parliament both the socialists and Tories opened fire on the government for this sell-out to the American dollar.

5. As a result of the parliamentary outburst, Trinidad shares went reeling back and there was weeping and wailing. A group of us had beat the empire drum and spurned the American dollar. Nor was I unduly moved when Mr. Vos, who was dining that night at the House of Commons, assured some of us that the people of Trinidad would never forgive us if the British parliament refused to sanction the deal.

You might ask at this stage what the British parliament had to do with it. The explanation is that unlike the dominions the colonial territories are administered from London with Her Majesty's representative at Government House working with a local elected parliament. Therefore a company in the colonies cannot sell rights to a foreign country without the permission of Her Majesty's Government.

To resume our narrative. As a result of the row in the Commons the Trinidad shares on the London Stock Exchange went tumbling down and there was much gnashing of teeth — especially among women investors who feel that it is a slight upon their virtue when their shares go into reverse.

Chancellor Harold Macmillan met the Tory members privately and it seemed that he was impressed by the wrath that was shown.

But righteous anger has a way of abating like a tide that has reached full flood. After two or three days even the socialists were wondering if it was really wise to tell a privately owned company that it could not sell itself to investors from a friendly country.

As for Chancellor Macmillan, one could hardly be surprised if he was looking with eager eyes upon this proposed windfall of one hundred and eighty million dollars. For be it known that none of us is allowed to keep our dollars, not even the dollars that will be paid for this London Letter. They all go to the treasury in exchange for sterling.

The stock market recovered its confidence and the Trinidad shares began a moderate recovery, although considerably below the top reached after the first announcement.

And now to return to Mr. Nickle with due apologies for keeping him so long in the wings. As we drove to the House of Commons we discussed the Trinidad deal and in a few pregnant words he denounced the greed of American policy toward the British family of nations. I asked permission to quote him without mentioning his name and he agreed.

Arriving at Westminster came thrill No. 1. We went to the elevator to take him up to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery and out stepped Winston Churchill. I introduced Mr. Nickle and Sir Winston greeted him warmly.

Then at the end of question time came the strange incident when William MacAdam Nickle of Ontario made his maiden speech in the British House of Commons. At the end of question time the Trinidad row broke out again but it was clearly to be seen that the early fire of attack was subsiding. In fact the Tories were silent and it was the socialists who were making the running.

Does U.S. oil seek monopoly?

At this point I intervened to ask Mr. Speaker if I could put a question based upon a statement made to me by a minister of the Ontario government who was in London at this very hour. Mr. Speaker agreed and then I said:

"Do you not think, Mr. Speaker, that this is a moment when we might listen not merely to a Canadian but to the voice of Canada? A minister of the Ontario government has authorized me to say that in his opinion the policy of the big oil interests of the United States is to achieve the monopolistic control of the natural oil in the English-speaking world which can create a stranglehold on the industrial development of the commonwealth."

So the row broke out again. The socialists demanded a full debate as soon as possible and the government agreed. The mysterious unnamed minister from Ontario had helped to blow the dying embers into life.

Feeling the need of fresh air I rescued Mr. Nickle from the gallery and took him to call on Lord Beaverbrook whose town flat is not far away. It was Canadiana with a vengeance but for once New Brunswick had no chance against Kingston, which Mr. Nickle represents in the legislature.

"Have I your permission," asked the Beaver, "to say that you were the Canadian minister who was quoted in the Commons?"

"I have no objection," said Mr. Nickle. And so the mystery was unveiled in the Daily Express next morning. The heading was: "One voice attacks empire sellout."

That evening Mr. Nickle went to the Royal Tournament where the Canadians were stealing the show. But then he represents that formidable bastion of militarism—Kingston, Ontario.

In fact the only critical remark he made to me the whole day was when we were walking through St. James's Park on the way to the Beaver's.

"I don't see many soldiers about," he said darkly.

And that is the end of the story which might be called Nickle Passes, even if there is no adequate Browning to give immortality to the tale. ★



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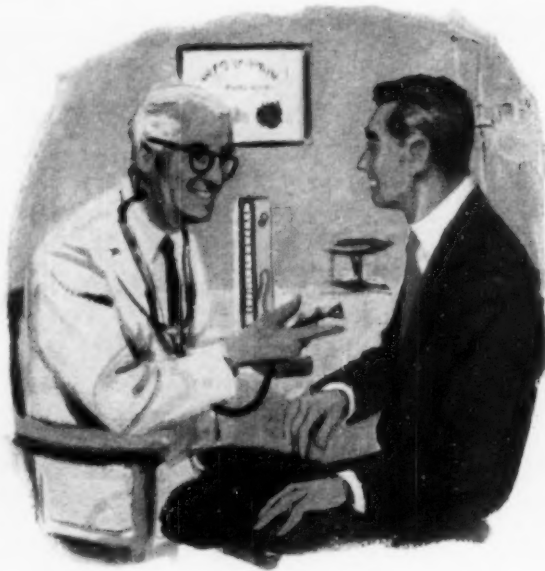
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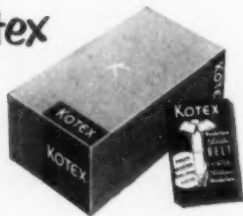
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The town that wants to stay old-fashioned

Continued from page 19

"One after another its glories departed. Now it fights to save the memory of its historic past"

resounded to the tramp of marching men, the fierce war whoops of Indians and the crashing thunder of cannon. British regulars, Canadian militia and Indians hurled back the American armies at the war's worst battles — at Queenston Heights, Stoney Creek, Fort Erie, Chip-pawa, Niagara, Beaver Dams and Lundy's Lane—and so saved the infant province from becoming another state in the American union.

In the Gay Nineties it was a Victorian Florida, a resting place for international society making the Grand Tour of North America. For one hundred and fifty years its streets have echoed each summer to the off-duty laughter of thousands of Canadian soldiers who trained outside the town on a five-hundred-acre military reserve.

But one after another its glories departed. In 1793 the capital moved across Lake Ontario to York (now Toronto). In the War of 1812 Niagara was burned by the Americans. In 1829 its commercial importance as a portage port around Niagara Falls was extinguished by the completion of the Welland Canal across the Niagara Peninsula, thirteen miles to its west. In 1860 the British garrison was recalled. Forty-six years later the town even lost its historic name of Niagara, for the post office, to prevent confusion with the neighboring city of Niagara Falls, labeled it Niagara-on-the-Lake. By 1920 the automobile had killed it as a resort; motoring became the style and people took adventurously to the road, disdaining the quiet pleasures of the town.

Today it's a curiosity stop for tourists and a retired people's town, and Niagara-on-the-Lake's citizens are fighting to save their last possession—the memory of the historic past. Lord Mayor Greaves says with resignation, "The only thing this town can get excited about is its past." The president of the local Chamber of Commerce, Don Harrison, a hardware merchant, says the same thing with a different emphasis: "The only thing this town can get excited about is its past." For, with a burning resolution not to lose one proof of the proud past, citizens have jealously treasured gracious old homes, picturesque forts, storied trees, priceless books, beautiful churches, mossy graveyards, shy ghosts and ancient stores—with the result that the town is a quaint museum piece of early Canada.

This attitude is so predominant that in 1945 a local minister, the Rev. Lloyd Hughes of St. Andrew's Church, suggested that with the expenditure of a few million dollars the town could be restored exactly as it was around 1800. The town was enthusiastic. A brochure was written by Gerald Noxon, secretary of the Historical Section of the Niagara Post War Planning Commission, stating how this could be done. It was sent to government leaders and philanthropists, together with a request for funds. The town raised several thousand dollars, but on the whole the response was dishearteningly meager.

The town and Hughes were bitter. "The government could spend billions

to fight a war, but could not afford a few million for a project that would give Canadians a sense of patriotic pride in their country's past," Hughes said recently.

But today Niagara-on-the-Lake is being destroyed by its old enemy, progress. Its age-old isolation is ending as the promise of the St. Lawrence seaway brings an influx of industries and people into the nearby city of St. Catharines. Many families are moving into Niagara-on-the-Lake in search of country living.

It is this influx of new residents that threatens to destroy the town's quaint atmosphere. Once the old homes are gone, Hughes has warned, the retired people with a passionate love for the past, who have been the generals and privates in the battle to preserve the historic atmosphere, will no longer feel attracted to the town. Their feelings were expressed by Thomas Moore, the famous Irish poet, who visited Niagara in 1804 and wrote:

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully
curled
Above the green elms that a cottage
was near,
And I said if there's peace to be found
in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope
for it here.

Today the dominant quality of the town is still this drowsy aura of peace and tranquillity. Much of it comes from the brooding grandeur of nature that surround the town. On its left lies the blue oceanlike expanse of Lake Ontario, while at its front and right flow the mile-wide, green and serene waters of the Niagara River. At its back lies the lushly treed farmland of the Niagara fruit belt, bounded in the hazy distance by the rocky wooded slopes of the Niagara Escarpment which rises sharply from the flat plain bordering Lake Ontario.



Who is it?

Some of Canada's most important people think he's excessively critical and hard to get along with. Turn to page 32 to see who this troublesome boy grew up to be.

Part of its still-remaining tranquillity comes from the relative isolation of the town from populous industrial centres. The nearest cities are St. Catharines, thirteen miles to the west on the busy Welland Ship Canal, and Niagara Falls, fifteen miles to the south. Its nearest neighbors are fruit-farming hamlets—St. David's, snuggling under the brow of the escarpment, and Queenston, lying on the Niagara River in the shadow of the escarpment. Across the river from Niagara-on-the-Lake is Youngstown, N.Y., a commuting town for Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Even the visitor most ignorant of Canadian history has the feeling on entering Niagara-on-the-Lake that here is a town that must have had a colorful past. At the mouth of the Niagara River stands the stone keep of Fort Mississauga, built in 1814 out of the rubble of the town when it was burned in the War of 1812. On the other side of the town, on a low knoll overlooking the river, rise the earthen walls of Fort George, built in 1796 when British troops relinquished to the Americans the stone fortress of Fort Niagara on the U.S. shore, a strong point deeded to the Americans in 1783 at the close of the American Revolutionary War.

The town itself has the air of a by-gone era. On the main street McClelland's Grocery bears the ancient sign of its business—a flowery red "T" marker, which signified that tea, as well as groceries, was sold there when it was founded in 1815. Its shelves are still stocked with such specialty items as imported English teas, curry powder and barley-sugar sticks—tastes developed in the days when the town was a British garrison post. Field's Drug Store, which proudly claims to be the oldest continuously operated pharmacy in Canada—it was founded in 1820—preserves its ancient dignity with solid-black-walnut counters fitted with drawers bearing the Latin names of such half-forgotten remedies as cascarrilla bark, gamboge gum and sassafras powder.

On the side streets are rows of stately white New England Colonial and softly weathered red-brick Georgian homes built early in the last century and shaded by ancient elms and oaks. Typical of people who love these old homes is Mrs. Cecilia Roberts, a tall gracious woman in her thirties who lives in a Georgian house built in 1796. In 1947 her husband George retired from the army and took a position in St. Catharines. Rather than buy a home there, Mrs. Roberts decided to try Niagara-on-the-Lake. They visited the town and Mrs. Roberts discovered to her delight that an old house she had admired as a young girl on summer vacations was for sale. So they bought it.

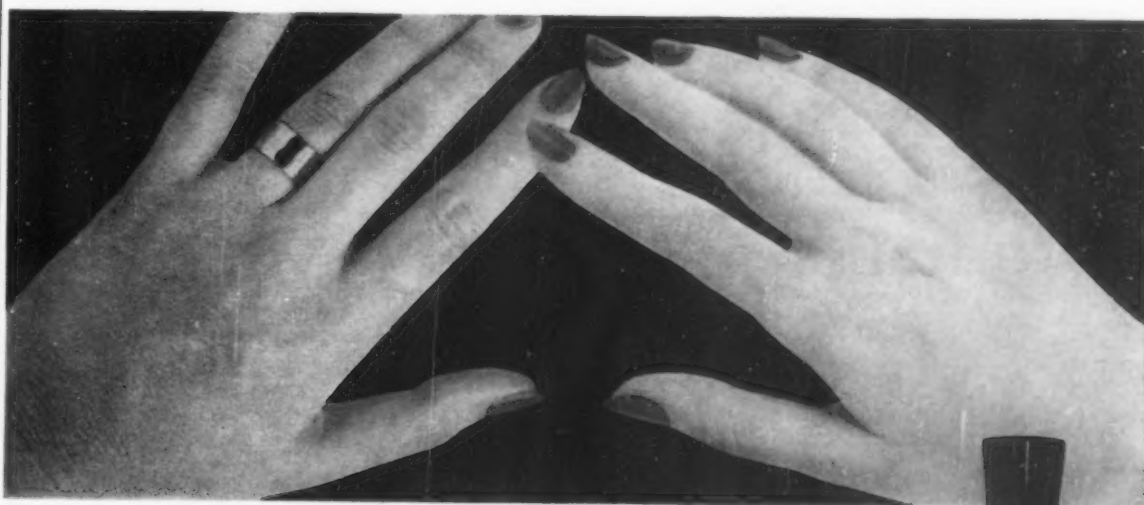
Mrs. Roberts feels a strong personal attachment to the town, for here the originator of her family in Canada lived and died. He was Patrick Cullen, an Irish cavalryman in a British regiment who met an inglorious end in 1828 by falling off a horse and breaking his neck. To Mrs. Roberts her home defines her importance as a member of an old family and its traditional quiet beauty proves her culture and love of gracious living. To some people her home wouldn't appeal at all. Its eight rooms have eleven gaping fireplaces, three of which are in the basement, and her garden patch is inhabited by the bodies of thirty-two Negro slaves whose ghosts it might be that cause the wide oak floor boards in the hall to give three mysterious creaks each midnight.

An exception to the general rule of old Colonial and Georgian homes is The Wilderness, a low stone cottage built

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Unretouched photograph of Mrs. Beth Anderson's hands. Right hand was given Jergens care.

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Fishermen who begrudge the effort involved in catching live crickets for bait can buy a quart of them, by mail, from a Georgia cricket farm.

We learn that it takes fifteen days for cricket eggs to hatch, eight weeks for the insects to grow to bait size. We note, too, that the brooders where they laze about in 85° temperature, lapping up chicken mash, are made of aluminum. But we confess we're not too surprised. It simply means that this busy metal has found still another use in the busy housing industry — this time providing clean, warm, pleasant quarters for aristocratic crickets. You see aluminum everywhere these days!

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around 1816 as a duplicate of Longwood, Napoleon's home in exile on St. Helena, by William Claus, Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Canada. Its present owner, Mrs. Mary Parker, is not a descendant of an old family at Niagara, but she has a great love of history. For her The Wilderness has tender personal memories. Her father lived here from 1919 to 1925, and she was married in the old house. When her husband died in Ottawa in 1947 she returned and bought The Wilderness—and with it a ghost known as the Headless Horseman, a name that may have been inspired by a Frenchman of Fort Niagara, who was killed around 1740 by a jealous rival for an Indian girl's favors. His body was thrown into Lake Ontario but his head was tossed into a deep well. His ghost is said to come out of the lake nightly to search the corridors for his lost head.

The Wilderness was given its name by early settlers because the grounds are covered with giant trees, the last survivors of the primeval forest. Mrs. Parker and other owners have carefully guarded these relics. One ancient oak, over twenty feet in girth at the butt, was a healthy sapling when Columbus discovered America. It is known as the Treaty Oak, for under its branches the Iroquois who made Niagara their chief town came from their Grand River reservation in Upper Canada to receive treaty money from William Claus, the government's Indian affairs official.

Reverence for old trees is a ruling passion among the people of Niagara-on-the-Lake. When Lord Mayor Greaves was on the council as Chairman of Park and Shade he once had a visit from an angry citizen named Joe Mussen, who complained that a tree on town property was threatening to fall down on his garage. Greaves and Mussen went to look at it. They studied it in silence, lost in admiration. Finally, Mussen sighed resignedly and said, "Well, I guess it would be a shame to cut it down." It was left standing.

One of the town's most famous trees was the Parliament Oak, under whose boughs in 1792 Governor John Graves Simcoe convened one of the first parliaments in Upper Canada. It stood for many years until a storm brought it low. The stump was treasured until it rotted away. A bronze plaque was erected to its memory, and today a modern public school nearby proudly bears its name.

In 1937 when the Niagara Parks Commission renovated Fort George, axemen were preparing to cut down a sycamore tree on the ramparts when a group of angry citizens from the town appeared on the scene. They demanded that the tree be spared. The parks commission finally relented and spent several hundred dollars to move it tenderly to a new location.

There was nothing extraordinary about this tree, except that a local historian, high-school teacher and sometime-poet had once written an ode to it entitled Fort George's Lonely Sycamore. She was Janet Carnochan, founder of the Niagara Historical Society, who tenderly eulogized it:

O lone tree on the rampart's height!
What hast thou seen, what canst thou tell,
Of peaceful watch or desperate fight,
O lonely, lonely sentinel?

Although the sycamore was too young to have seen any "peaceful watch or desperate fight," Fort George played an important role in the War of 1812. It was the military headquarters of Gen. Sir Isaac Brock from 1803 until his

death in October 1812 from American sharpshooters' bullets at the storming of Queenston Heights, six miles upriver. In 1813 it was bitterly defended when the Americans sent eight thousand men in one hundred ships to Niagara. After a brisk battle the town was captured and three thousand Americans pursued the retreating British thirty-five miles up the shores of Lake Ontario to Stoney Creek, where British bayonets chased them back again. It was a favorite joke of the day to say that it took the Americans four days to reach Stoney Creek, but only one day to return to Niagara.

In December the Americans, in frustration, burned and abandoned Niagara. The angry British, crossing the river at night, captured Fort Niagara and bayoneted every man they could find. Then they turned the Indians loose. For fifty miles back from the frontier frightened farmers bundled their wives and children into wagons and fled. For generations Americans bitterly remembered this as the Big Scare.

In 1814 the Americans invaded Canada with ten thousand seasoned troops. At Fort Erie and Chippawa they pushed back the British, but the cannon of Fort George and Fort Mississauga stopped them. They retreated, the British followed, and one evening the two armies met at Lundy's Lane near Niagara Falls. The battle raged throughout the night. In the morning the Americans retreated, leaving more than fifteen hundred dead and wounded. At the end of the year not an American soldier stood on Canadian soil.

Until 1824 Gen. Brock's body lay in a battery of Fort George. Then Canada elevated him to the rank of a national hero and built a crypt surmounted by a classical column two hundred and ten feet high at the summit of Queenston Heights. Probably to console the town for the removal of his body, the

government so placed Brock's statue on top of the monument that his outstretched hand pointed to Niagara.

There is no doubt that his heart lay there, for he was engaged to a lady in the town named Sophia Shaw. Legend says that on the morning of October 13, 1812, when the sound of cannon from upriver awakened Brock in Fort George, he had his charger Alfred saddled and rode to bid his sweetheart good-by. She was waiting for him at her doorstep with a stirrup cup and promised tearfully to wait his return. Brock was killed in the battle that followed, but Sophia never broke her vow. Sixty years later she died, a spinster still.

Niagara-on-the-Lake's most impressive building is St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, so striking that students from Toronto University's School of Architecture pay it an annual visit to study its pure, classical New England Colonial lines, fluted columns, graceful pointed steeple and white chaste interior. It stands on the site of the first Presbyterian church in Upper Canada, built in 1791 and burned in 1813. In 1831 it was rebuilt and has been jealously preserved, even to the old family box stalls with stiff backs and hard seats on which parishioners squirmed as Scottish ministers preached two-hour fire-and-brimstone sermons.

A church with a different type of beauty is St. Mark's Anglican. With its grey-stone walls festooned with clinging ivy, its squat crenelated tower projecting through venerable trees, it seems so much an authentic part of England that in 1890 a visiting English dean remarked delightedly, "This is a piece of old England; do not allow it to be altered."

St. Mark's is unique in many regards, but none more so than the fact that it has a priceless library, brought from England by the first minister, the Rev. Robert Addison, in 1792, and on his death

JASPER

by Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Okay, so now you're the only bear with side pockets."



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Bank of New Zealand



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HONDURAS
Banco Central de Honduras



CEYLON
Bank of Ceylon



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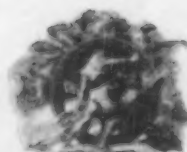
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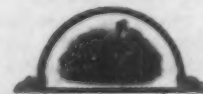
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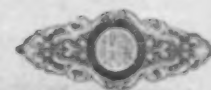
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bequeathed to the church. It consists of twelve hundred volumes, ranging from a 1577 Geneva Bible to Samuel Johnson's edition of Shakespeare's plays with commentaries, printed in 1790.

The register is carefully preserved and tells the story of those early days. One of the first entries, dated August 24, 1792, before St. Mark's was built, records the marriage of Capt. James Hamilton to Louiza Mitchell. An entry dated 1805 records the execution of a sergeant, found guilty of desertion. "He behaved well," wrote Dr. Addison.

The old graveyard of St. Mark's is probably the most visited in Canada, drawing hundreds of people each year from cities throughout Canada and the U.S. For the graveyard philosopher, St. Mark's is a rich source of quaint and charming epitaphs. One dedicated to Hermanus de Graff, who died in 1802 at the age of twenty-eight, laments:

Stop traveller and weep
For here beneath death's shade
Snatched from his friends
A lovely youth is laid.

Thomas Easton, the British trumpeter at the Battle of Queenston Heights, is remembered poetically with:

Here lies within this silent grave
A Royal soldier, brisk and brave,
Who suddenly was called away
From off this sodden foot of clay.

So many people want to be buried in the graveyard that a restriction had to be adopted, allowing only bona-fide members of the church to apply. Last year the Rev. C. H. E. Smith, the previous

minister, was overjoyed when his wife Madeleine bought him a plot for a Christmas present, as well as one for herself.

The walls of St. Mark's are lined with memorial tablets in honor of former parishioners. The most famous is that to Col. John Butler, whose tablet proclaims that he was born in New London, Conn., in 1728 and served in the French and English War and in the American Revolutionary War when he raised and commanded the Royal American Regiment of Butler's Rangers.

The Niagara Historical Society has made an effort to locate Butler's grave—said to be somewhere on the town's outskirts—but without success. An old farmer, Alvie Hood, stated years ago he knew what happened to Butler's bones. He said he sold them to a junk man for glue, and placed the skull on a post. However, he claimed, one day it so badly frightened a team of horses that the driver threw the skull into the underbrush, and it was lost.

"We need a miracle"

The importance of graves as a link with the past has increased with the gradual disappearance of nearly all the original settlers' homes. One of the few still standing is Prest House, a rambling stone farmhouse built in 1818 under the brow of the escarpment, near Queenston. It is still maintained by Mrs. Bertha Prest who moved from Chicago on the death of her husband to make her home in the old house and so keep the building in the family.

Nearby live Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsay, a retired couple who several years ago bought a house as old as Prest House but in dilapidated condition. They restored it—a restoration that closed off a tiny staircase leading into the kitchen, thus surely discomforting a ghost described as "a little old lady dressed in grey, with a shawl over her shoulders," who is said to have used the staircase for midnight prowls. The Ramsays say the former owners, the Uptegraphs, descendants of the original Pennsylvania Dutch owners of the house, saw her quite often, usually in the garden picking berries.

To the residents of Niagara-on-the-Lake the inroads made by new construction, and the gradual destruction of old homes and graveyards to make room for it, are grim foreshadowings of the passing of the beauties and landmarks of the past. To preserve its memories, a member of the Niagara Historical Society recently photographed all the old homes left standing in town, and a committee was formed to compile a history of each before they disappeared.

There is talk of zoning part of the town to save the old homes, but already the power is passing to newer residents who want a modern community.

"We need a miracle," Lord Mayor Greaves says gloomily, "or we'll just become a suburb of St. Catharines."

That, to the proud little town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, will be the final crushing blow. ★

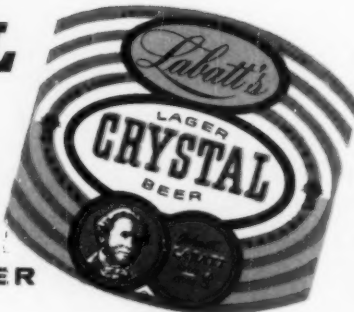
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When you're feeling hot enough to heat a whole cottage, cool off with Labatt's Crystal Lager Beer. Drink the first one straight down and let its refreshing sparkle iron out all the kinks. Then take the second one slowly, give yourself time to relax and enjoy the cool, clean flavour. Crystal is better than ever. You'll feel you've really had a beer when you've had a Crystal.

Labatt's **CRYSTAL** LAGER BEER



ANSWER

to Who is it? on page 28

George Drew, the leader of the Progressive Conservative Party in Canada, the official opposition in the House of Commons.



Interviewer: He chats with singer Lena Horne, not about her career, but about his own favorite theme, cooking.



Commentator: He describes Grey Cup parade in Toronto. Some of his jobs last hours.



Emcee: He runs daily kids' show, as well as Audio, a morning disk-jockey program, but may tackle lake swims or royal tours.



Stunt man: He helped collect \$5,360 in a March of Dimes by having his 268 pounds matched with dimes as fund-raising gambit.

Celebrities, moppets and stunts — they're a day's work for Jack-of-oral-trades Byng Whitteker

The private lives of Byng Whitteker continued from page 23

Actually Whitteker himself may see his own three children only once during a work week—he generally comes home after they've gone to bed. He insists they address him as "Sir" and admits that he probably isn't a very good father.

With his unruly dark cowlick and small mischievous eyes, Mr. Byng may look like an inflated version of Joe Cobb in the Our Gang comedies; but his doctor tells him his eyes are now bloodshot for good.

He may eat like an overgrown urchin, but it's more apt to be *coq au vin* than Jell-O. He started the Small Types Club only because of his taste for the unusual: he went down to the CBC disk library one day eight years ago to find out what platters were in least use. They told him children's records, so he built a show around them.

Whitteker has helped write two books of Baby Bee stories and invent a kiddies' blackboard that sold like hot cakes last Christmas, but his own recreation is poker with fifty-cent chips. He'd rather make a three-horse parlay than a snowman and the only trick he'd like to teach a pony is how to win in the fifth at Toronto's Woodbine racetrack. He refers to Baby Bee privately as "the little broad."

Whitteker isn't really trying to fool the little ones; it's just part of his job as a radio announcer, which he insists is more than fifty-percent acting anyway. "If you have sickness in the family," he explains, "or something's gone wrong at home, or you feel lousy or you have a hangover you still have to be this thing that people think you are."

Even in his more mature exercises there's a gap between Whitteker the announcer and Whitteker the man. He's easily angered. He's been known to sulk. His producers report that they've occasionally had to pull him off the air because temper or depression was affecting his delivery. But not often. "In this business," confides Whitteker grimly, "you've got to be likable all the time."

He has one natural aid: his size (chest 52 inches, waist 49, hips 54). He stands six-foot-three, wears a size fourteen shoe and a size fifty-two suit and protests stoutly that it was not on his account that his shirtmaker hanged himself two years ago.

By sheer accident of girth Whitteker is often expected to be a buffoon. Last year he participated in a jape designed to further the annual March of Dimes campaign. Listeners were asked to send in Whitteker's weight in dimes; at the weighing-in he appeared on television clad in Oriental robes, a fez and dark glasses, squatted on the scales and balanced off at 268 pounds of dimes, totaling \$5,360.

Whitteker, like the good showman he is, goes along with such didos as part of the job of being likable and therefore selling himself. In the same vein he has also milked a cow on the steps of City Hall.

He makes a point of attending every possible public function and goes to several cocktail parties a week. Sunday dinner is about the only meal he manages to have at home in his newly acquired four-bedroom house in Toronto's posh Kingsway district. (His salary at the CBC is \$7,125 a year but he brings this up to a more felicitous level with freelance assignments.) The dinner he'll cook for his pretty brunette wife and three children (one by her former marriage—he also has a daughter by a former marriage) is apt to feature wine, onions and exotic seasonings. He modestly calls himself "a mundane creative cook," but his exacting palate is so well known around town that the following exchange is widely held to have taken place:

Whitteker: Would you like tea, coffee or cocoa?

Guest: Tea.

Whitteker: India, China or Ceylon?

Guest: China, please.

Whitteker: With cream, milk or lemon?

Guest: Milk.

Whitteker: Jersey, Guernsey or Alderney?

But when the racing season rolls around Whitteker will skip public appearances, strategic cocktail parties and even food to get to the track. Fitting this in with his announcing assignments sometimes causes him to break from his normal lazy shamle into a trot, as witness his schedule for one day during the spring meeting at Old Woodbine in June.

His first show of the day was Audio, a daily two-and-a-half-hour medley of records, interviews and three-minute guest contributions on any subject under the sun. The show was Byng's idea and he and announcer Al Maitland were spelling each other as emcee. Whitteker made frequent sorties while Maitland was on mike: to pick up records for the next day's show, to chat to the producer in the control booth, to go to the canteen for coffee and an admiring glance at a blond actress with an astonishing mane of hair.

After signing off at twelve Whitteker picked up his mail in the announcers' room, made some phone calls and got back down to the studio just in time to sign on Small Types Club at 12.40. There was no new installment of Baby Bee that day, but there was a song about a Candy Man and a poem sent in by a tiny listener that went:

Jell-O is good.

Jell-O is sweet.

I am good.

And I like it to eat.

Whitteker asked his listeners, "Now isn't that a nice poem?"

Between one and two Whitteker fulfilled his chores as announcer on Court of Opinion, a panel show; between two and three he had barely time to get to the west end for a tailor's fitting. From three to four he announced soap operas. The station schedules four in a row and after Whitteker has signed off one he has exactly twenty seconds to get to another studio to sign on the next. He moved quickly, but not as quickly as he moved at 4.02 when he broke for the CBC parking lot, picked

up his Pontiac and headed for the track.

Pausing only to buy a program and a racing form he got to the Turf Club in time to bet on the sixth. By the end of the eighth race he was ahead ninety-six dollars. Whitteker figures he can win when he wants to, and would win all the time if he could resist betting every race.

With a group of gamester cronies (including Johnny Belli, proprietor of Angelo's, an Italian café, and Neil LeRoy, a radio emcee) Whitteker then repaired to a bootlegger's. They go there not so much for the liquor as for the use of the dining-room table, which was quickly spread with a baize cloth. Poker chips were produced. Whitteker managed to lose about thirty dollars of his track winnings before adjourning to the CBC for his half-hour disk-jockey show at seven. But he arranged with his colleagues to reconvene later at his house.

At eight o'clock Whitteker had his first full meal of the day, a fricassee of ham, mushrooms, peppers, celery, onions, herbs and wine which he prepared just before the poker game continued.

Outside the racing season Whitteker won't announce on an empty stomach, for he believes his voice sounds best after two meals. On one occasion a particularly crucial audition was scheduled for 10 a.m. Whitteker accordingly arose at 4.30, had a cup of tea and went for a walk. At 8.30 he had bacon and eggs. At 9.45 he had a sandwich and milk and, thus bolstered by the prescribed two meals, presented himself at the studio at ten and got the job.

Besides coddling his larynx Whitteker has made himself a Jack-of-oral trades, including the introduction, the ad lib, the sell—both hard and relaxed—and the interview.

For instance, Whitteker has arrived at two rules for interviewing. The first is, "Write down five obvious questions to ask. Then throw them away and ask something else." Whitteker is still regarded with awe in the trade for his application of this to singer Lena Horne. He interviewed the girl whose most famous record is Stormy Weather without once mentioning Stormy Weather. They

talked about food and cooking instead.

Whitaker's second rule is: "If you have a tough subject—one who's bored by the whole thing—get him mad."

An announcer's biggest bogey is the blank pause that threatens when a guest fails to appear or a scheduled event doesn't start on time. Ever since the day his script blew away at a football game, Whitaker has made a point of cramming enough background in advance to conduct an indefinite monologue. He has been forced into several historic ad-lib marathons, one of which took place during the last Royal Tour. Whitaker was to cover the royal couple's inspection of Royal Military College at Kingston, but Elizabeth and Philip were three quarters of an hour late. Whitaker beguiled the time with amiable chatter about the tour, royalty, the college, its history and the weather, and had three more pages of facts still untouched when the show finally got rolling.

But Whitaker's biggest asset is the same showmanship that secures a Small Types Club in a pile of neglected records and an avuncular Mr. Byng in his own guise of gourmet and *bon vivant*.

On Audio one morning, for example, he sighted the producer signaling frantically from the control booth: transmitter trouble was about to force them off the air. Instead of making the usual apologies about "technical difficulties" Whitaker blandly said, "And now as a special bonus to listeners, we're going to give you three minutes of silence." No one was the wiser.

Another typical stroke came last year during the Lake Ontario swim. Whitaker, broadcasting the end of the swim from a hired launch, noticed the massed headlights of the cars waiting on the shore. On an impulse he said into the mike, "All those who are listening to me from cars on the shore dim their lights." There was a fifty-percent dim-out. Then the brilliance of the impulse dawned on his radio crew. Drivers who weren't lis-

tening to Whitaker promptly asked neighbors what was going on. In two minutes every car on the shore was tuned in to Whitaker's station.

A certain amount of the same razzle-dazzle has marked his whole career. Whitaker was born in 1914 of Dutch-English Lutheran parents, on a farm near Dundela, Ont. By sixteen he was renowned in the district as the boy who had hoisted a four-hundred-pound bag of freshly threshed rye into a wagon one day in the threshing season. His reputation for hoisting quantities of rye has persisted.

Young Whitaker decided he wanted an education, so his father sold some land and sent him to Waterloo College, a Lutheran college affiliated with the University of Western Ontario. Here Whitaker acquired most of an arts education, an orange, black and white silk robe of Oriental splendor and the nickname Byng, which was a variant of Crosby's first name. Whitaker hated his given name, Genzmer, and admired Crosby, though his own voice, a class mate reports, was lamentably flat.

The music bedazzled him

Whitaker also admired the horses and on one occasion, acting on a tipster's advice, touted a few close friends on a winner. The next time he got a tip more friends wagered. The horse won. By the fourth time the whole undergraduate body had its collective allowance on the race. The horse lost, causing a serious, if temporary, campus slump. Whitaker is now such a shrewd handicapper that when he recently required seven hundred dollars to pay a bill he matter-of-factly headed for the track to make it.

After a while at college Whitaker found he was running out of educational funds and got a job at the Kitchener radio station. In time he also got five dollars a week. Even at this wage he indulged in a blinding white summer suit

—the first ever seen on the streets of Kitchener—and white shoes to match. He moved to North Bay for eighteen a week. By and by he was offered a \$1,200-a-year job at the CBC, providing he paid his own fare to Toronto. On his first show he was so bedazzled by the *mystique* of mixing music from one studio with voices from another that, in signing off, he identified the producer in tones normally used only to name new heavyweight champions.

This was not in keeping with low-key CBC tradition, so the new recruit was farmed out to Windsor for seasoning. He was finally promoted to the big league again and during the war was loaned to the BBC as a news commentator. The BBC still retains in its archives one memorable Whitaker interview which he cites as his most colossal spoof. The typical BBC interview then tended to consist of a review in question form by the interviewer of almost everything the subject might have to say. Thus: "I understand, Commander Schnarff, that you've just returned from a tour of the air-force installations in Belgium?" This left the subject with nothing to murmur but "Yes."

Whitaker conceived the idea of interviewing a pigeon named William of Orange and managed, using this technique, to extract the whole exciting story of the last carrier pigeon out of Arnhem. All William of Orange had to contribute was "Ngoo."

Whitaker is now an acknowledged master of the informal interview, but he is also apt to remind you demurely that he has "a little reputation for being a man with a few ideas."

He has created radio series ranging from the Small Types Club to experiments in the presentation of music. He can't write or arrange music himself, but he can describe what he wants, which is usually relaxed music with sophisticated harmonies. Audio, the two-and-a-half-hour morning mixture of

interviews, disks and three-minute fancies, is also Whitaker's idea. In fact, he thinks radio's justification lies in this kind of informative, entertaining show—and in music.

If Whitaker occasionally talks like radio's valetudinarian it's because he's realistic about his own future. "The day when an announcer can make big money in this field is over. From now on there are going to be more and more low-budget shows and sustainers."

He's not particularly interested in TV. He failed to interest a producer in the kind of show he'd like to do—a package along the lines of Audio—and his one or two flirts in TV have been unsuited to his talents. Instead, Whitaker plans to wean himself gradually away from broadcasting into two other fields: racing and the restaurant business.

He recently acquired half a mare in foal in a poker game, according to the story in radio circles, and was presented with the other half. About the same time, along with Irish tenor Jimmie Shields, he acquired a big brick house across Jarvis Street from the CBC. They plan to turn it into a club with a bar and a dining room. It's a good guess there'll also be some baize-topped tables for parlor games.

Whitaker divides his limited spare time between making up names for the unborn foal and dreaming up recipes for great soups to go on the club's lunch menu.

Meanwhile, it looks as though he'll go on being Mr. Byng for a while longer at least. In June he reported that General Foods was displaying an inordinate interest in sponsoring the Small Types Club this fall.

Whitaker takes it philosophically. "The grownups," he says, "will tell you you were great when they never even listened to your show. With kids you know where you are."

"I like kids," he adds reflectively, "as an audience." ★



Leon Koerner's one-man giveaway program continued from page 9

"This is only the beginning," says philanthropist Koerner, and gives away a third million

bought from the CPR for ten thousand. Although he has spent a small fortune on renovating the house, he has given much more money away since coming to Canada—more than two million dollars.

Last year he gave one million dollars for the establishment of the Leon and Thea Koerner Foundation for the promotion of art, culture and welfare. Jointly with his brother Walter, today's president of Alaska Pine, he has given one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars to the University of British Columbia. He has willed UBC a fortune many times bigger, plus his house and all its contents. His day-by-day philanthropy runs into tens of thousands of dollars a year. "And this," he says, "is only a beginning of what I intend to do."

In the old photographs on the walls of Koerner's office, in the woodwork of the walls, and in the filing cabinets against the walls, there is evidence of why he works four or five hours every day at the uncommon and exacting task of giving most of his money away.

The photographs show a younger, glossy-haired Koerner who, in the Thirties, was a third-generation multi-millionaire, a senior partner in the firm of J. Koerner Lumber Industries Ltd., of

Prague. It was an international lumber empire that employed fifteen thousand people in the forests and sawmills of Czechoslovakia, Poland and Saxony, Germany. Founded by his grandfather Joseph, it allowed Koerner, his three brothers, six sisters, numerous in-laws, nieces and nephews to live in the grand manner in every capital of Europe.

Standing close to Koerner in some of the pictures are Engelbert Dollfuss, the "pocket chancellor" of Austria who was assassinated by Hitler's agents in 1934; Kurt Schuschnigg, the later Austrian chancellor who bowed to Hitler in 1938; Eduard Benes, the Czech president who capitulated to Hitler in 1938; Joachim von Ribbentrop, the ignoble German ambassador to Britain, and Count Galeazzo Ciano, the foxy Italian foreign minister, who helped Hitler in 1939 to reduce the old Europe to a charnel house.

These calamities left Leon Koerner, his older brother Theodore, and his younger brothers Otto and Walter, with only a fraction of their former fortune—about one million two hundred thousand dollars.

The office walls behind the photographs are made of lumber produced by a firm that Leon Koerner founded when he

reached Vancouver in 1939, as a refugee from his native Czechoslovakia. At New Westminster, twelve miles south, he bought a derelict mill, hired forty-five men and, amid much local derision, began to saw hemlock, a wood then regarded by most builders as rubbish. But he submitted the hemlock to special processes he had learned in Europe, changed its name to Alaska Pine, and sold it throughout the world. He rapidly absorbed a neighboring company and with this produced seventy-five percent of the ammunition and ration boxes used by British Commonwealth forces during World War II.

Today Alaska Pine and Cellulose Ltd., with its affiliated company, Western Forest Industries Ltd., operates twelve logging camps, five sawmills, two cellulose plants, two shingle mills and a box factory. Managed from headquarters in the Alaska Pine Building, one of Vancouver's newest and swiftest skyscrapers, it processes eleven percent of B.C.'s log output, employs forty-five hundred people and meets a payroll of twenty million dollars a year.

Half of the original company was bought by Abitibi Power and Paper Co., of Toronto, in 1951. In 1954, shortly

after Leon Koerner retired and handed the presidential chair over to his brother Walter, eighty percent of the stock was bought by the American company Rayonier Inc., one of the world's leading manufacturers of cellulose. The Koerner brothers, who still retain ten percent of the stock, cleared more than nine million dollars.

Leon Koerner lights a cigarette, brushes a speck of dust from his costly tropical-weight suit, looks shyly across his desk and says, "My wife and I feel very humble in Canada, and very proud of living here. Long ago we regarded the circumstances that drove us to Canada as God's curse on our former good fortune. Now we know that they were God's blessing. We feel we must make amends for having misjudged Him."

In the filing cabinets of Koerner's garden office are thousands of letters relating to the manner in which he is making amends. Many are connected with the Leon and Thea Koerner Foundation which, under the chairmanship of Norman A. M. MacKenzie, president of the University of British Columbia, is today helping scores of cultural organizations.

Most of the letters, however, are from the hundreds of individuals who have en-

joyed Koerner's more discreet largesse. Aided by his secretary and a card index of names, addresses and significant dates, Koerner works from eight a.m. to one p.m. each day, distributing his money.

Every month hundreds of food parcels are dispatched to old friends now behind the Iron Curtain, such as eighty-two-year-old General Victor Hoppe, formerly chief of protocol to Thomas Masaryk, founder of Czechoslovakia. Some Iron Curtain countries recently prohibited gifts of new clothing, so now Koerner buys from rummage sales near-new clothing which, after cleaning, sterilizing and pressing, is sent off by the packing-case-full.

Within Canada, Koerner's generosity is more diverse and subtle. When Mrs. Frank Fletcher, wife of Koerner's retired gardener, returned from a Californian holiday last February, she found waiting on her sitting-room table a bowl of rare hyacinths and a splendid silk stole. A year or so ago a daughter of UBC's Norman MacKenzie was sick in hospital. Every day books, candy and flowers arrived from Koerner. Hundreds of people, prominent and obscure, in British Columbia receive cards and gifts on a birthday, a wedding anniversary, the arrival of a baby, or some other date or expected event Koerner has noted in casual conversation and carefully filed.

"His munificence," says MacKenzie, "would be embarrassing to the recipients did they not know the reason behind it. Leon Koerner loves Canada more emotionally than the average native-born citizen and this is his way of showing it."

Koerner's capacity for sending the right gift at the right time is matched only by his virtuosity as a host. In response to mailed invitations, he receives at home, with a slight bow from the waist, a stream of visitors ranging from sawmill foremen like Tommy Norstrand, the first Canadian he employed, to union executives like Percy Bengough, former president of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, and from concert artists like Rudolf Firkušny, the celebrated Czech pianist, to overseas millionaires like Sir Seymour Howard, last year's Lord Mayor of London.

Though most of Koerner's social evenings are devoted to hi-fi records from his library of eighty-five complete operas, or to documentary movies or to scholarly conversation around the big log fire, some, under the stimulus of youth or unlimited supplies of refreshment, nowadays end in singing and dancing. Koerner will telephone for a professional dance band at the drop of a hat if his guests are in that mood.

When he leaves each November for his winter home in Palm Springs, Calif., where he relieves for a few months his chronic asthma, Koerner encourages many Vancouverites to spend a few days of their vacation with him. Dean Geoffrey Andrew, of UBC, visited Palm Springs a few winters ago and found Koerner's chauffeur-driven yellow Cadillac waiting for him at the airport. He was shown to a room full of cut flowers. As he was unpacking Koerner came in with a fine dressing gown. "Just in case you're traveling light," he said, "I thought I'd get you this."

Last winter Koerner entertained a lean gangling sawmill foreman named Jack Bennett, with whom he once almost had a fight. The memory of that scene prompts Koerner to remark, "At first the Canadian working man puzzled me. Then he inspired me."

Koerner was not equipped by birth or environment for easy assimilation within Canada. He was born in 1892 at Novy Hrozenkov, one hundred and fifty miles

from Prague in the province of Northern Moravia, at that time part of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. He was reared in a society devoted to high ceremonial and caste, and he circulated in the orbit of Emperor Franz Josef's court. J. Koerner Lumber Industries Ltd., the family business, was the biggest lumber company in what is now Czechoslovakia.

After the fashion of the Rothschilds, the Koerner boys were schooled for the priestcraft of international finance. Leon Koerner graduated from the Export Academie in Vienna, absorbed the progressive theories of the London School of Economics and learned some philosophy at the Sorbonne in Paris. His education was topped off by a couple of years' practical experience in the banking and brokerage houses of several European capitals.

He was no sooner ready for work than World War I broke out. As an artillery officer in the Austro-Hungarian Army he fought on the Russian, Balkan and Italian fronts, was wounded once and on another occasion he was buried alive by falling debris from a shellburst. Among eight decorations he won are two equivalent to the DSO and MC. The division of the Austro-Hungarian empire in 1918 left him a citizen of Czechoslovakia.

A race with the Nazis

During the Depression, while his brothers ran the family business, Leon Koerner took on an international task. He was one of the architects of the European Timber Exporters' Convention which, from headquarters in Stockholm, associated the lumber industries of Czechoslovakia, Austria, Rumania, Poland, Yugoslavia, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Latvia and Russia in a common fight for survival.

When Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia in 1938 Koerner was in the uniform of a reserve captain, and ready for fight. When the Czechoslovakian government, deserted by Britain and France, was forced to capitulate, he knew there was nothing left for his family but flight.

Koerner calls himself a Protestant, although by blood he is half Jewish, half Slav. He is not a member of any Vancouver church but in Europe he worshiped at a Lutheran church. Because his grandmothers were Jews—though married to Gentiles—the Nazis rated Koerner and his brothers as Jews, and confiscated their property.

With the Czech capitulation the brothers dispersed to collect, before the Nazis could seize them, outstanding accounts due to J. Koerner Lumber Industries, and to safeguard a number of foreign investments. On the securities they deposited at Brown, Shipley and Co. Ltd., a London banking house with which their family had done business for more than fifty years, they raised a credit of three hundred thousand pounds, then equal to roughly one million two hundred thousand dollars.

Leon was sent to North America to investigate the possibilities of setting up in business again. Although he was one of the richest refugees Canada has ever admitted, Leon Koerner says he reached Vancouver "in an acute state of depression." He was still smoldering at the manner in which Chamberlain had abandoned Czechoslovakia at Munich six months earlier, still harrowed by the disappearance of relatives and friends into Hitler's concentration camps, and still furious at the loss of a fortune.

Though Koerner has never admitted it, he found the social climate of Vancouver, at first encounter, uncongenial. He was carrying letters of introduction

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OTHER LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

"Come on — have a beer," said their chauffeur, and the astonished Koerners knew the past was dead

from many distinguished Europeans and Americans, including one from Jan Masaryk, Czechoslovakian ambassador to Britain and son of his country's founder, and another from Lester B. Pearson, then on the staff of the Canadian High Commissioner in London and now Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs. "But let's be frank," says a close Vancouver friend, "there were circles here in which Koerner was not wanted." He was cold-shouldered by some B.C. lumber tycoons who knew of his European record and feared his competition, and snubbed by some Vancouver socialites who disapproved of his foreign features, formal clothing and heel-clicking manners.

Pained by this reception Koerner was also tormented—as war between Germany and Britain became more certain—by the prospect of further humiliation in Canada under the tag "enemy alien." He was about to seek a friendlier haven in the United States when Thea contracted mumps. Koerner says he looked on the delay as the last straw in a load of misfortune and frustration. "Yet," he says, "Thea's mumps were divine guidance."

With time on his hands he paid polite, almost apologetic, visits to B.C. sawmills, then in the doldrums of the Depression. He was amazed at the wastefulness engendered by the province's plentiful supplies of lumber, and became convinced he could succeed where many Canadian lumbermen had failed. "But," he says, "I decided that if I was to go into business in B.C. I would have to find some way of doing so without arousing antagonism."

Everybody hated hemlock

His chance came one day when he learned about hemlock, the Cinderella of the B.C. forests. A coarse inferior timber, hemlock was cut largely to clear the ground around better-quality trees. A limited amount was sold to the United States. But in Britain hemlock was detested. It had been the custom to ship to Britain only the surplus of hemlock unwanted by the Americans, and it arrived cut to American sizes which caused construction problems. Because hemlock contained much more moisture than other B.C. woods it was twice as heavy, cost more to ship, and set workmen grumbling. Failure to dry the hemlock properly resulted in serious warping and discoloration during the voyage. In consequence exports of B.C. hemlock to Britain had dwindled to vanishing point.

But there were hundreds of British builders who had been used to buying the Czech lumber of J. Koerner Lumber Industries, and Koerner circulated these old customers, guaranteeing them supplies of Canadian lumber that would match the former Czech lumber in size, quality and price. Wage rates were much higher in Canada but Koerner knew he could stick to the old prices because B.C. lumber entered Britain under imperial preferential tariffs.

Koerner, of course, made no mention of the fact that he was proposing to send his customers the hated hemlock. Instead, he flipped through a dictionary and found that a second name for hemlock was Alaska Pine. He called the late Ernest Manning, then chief forester for B.C., and asked, "If I sold hemlock to Britain under the name of Alaska Pine, would it be legal?" Manning replied, "If you can sell hemlock to Britain, you can

call the stuff any darn name you like."

On the Fraser River at New Westminster, Koerner bought a mill that had been closed for three years and was being cared for by a janitor named Tommy Norstrand. Koerner hired him and gave him the job of foreman in charge of a lumber-piling crew; today Norstrand is foreman in charge of all kiln-drying operations at the mill.

Next Koerner invested a quarter of a million dollars in fitting up the mill, adding new machinery and a number of special drying kilns. When Fred Hume, now mayor of Vancouver but then mayor of New Westminster, heard that Koerner was preparing to saw hemlock for Britain he pleaded with him not to waste his money. But Koerner stuck to his plan.

In July 1939 he opened up. Three hundred men applied for the forty-four jobs. Koerner sawed hemlock to British sizes, then kiln-dried it in a process his old family firm had used on inferior European white woods. The lumber was shipped under the name Alaska Pine.

Sales, helped by the stimulus of war, boomed. Within six months of opening Koerner received a telephone call from Kapoor Singh, B.C.'s East Indian lumber millionaire. Singh said, "I'll give you a one-hundred-percent capital gain on your investment, no matter what it was, for that business." Koerner courteously turned him down. New Westminster's tradesmen were not so optimistic about Koerner's chances and for months refused to cash Alaska Pine's pay cheques.

Koerner's brothers hurried out to join him. Otto was made president of the company because he had had most experience in production in Europe. Walter, also, was given a senior executive post, but Theodore, who had already retired in Europe, took no part in the business. He lived quietly in Vancouver until his death, at seventy-two, in 1951.

At first there was a feeling of strangeness between the Koerners and their workers. The brothers made endless inspection tours of the plant. The workers, already confused as to which Koerner was boss, found these short dark men in formal clothes embarrassingly courteous and very exacting. For their part, the brothers found the Canadian workman disconcertingly forthright, even rude.

Once, Jack Bennett, the foreman who was a guest of Leon Koerner in Palm Springs last year, stayed long after his shift was up to plane off some wrong markings erroneously applied to a stack of lumber by one of the men under him. Leon Koerner approached, thought Bennett was responsible for the mistake and blew up. "I was so mad," says Bennett, "that if he'd been a bigger and younger man I'd have hit him." Instead Bennett stalked away. Relations between Leon Koerner and Bennett were cool for weeks. As Christmas approached and word went around that all hands would receive a turkey from the management Bennett said, "Huh! Not me!" But he got a turkey—from Leon Koerner personally—plus a handsome apology for the misunderstanding. "It was the first time a sawmill boss had ever apologized to me," says Bennett, "and it made me think."

The Koerners, long used to more respectful employees in Europe, were also thinking hard. Once Otto and Leon hired a chauffeur-driven car for a business trip. After traveling for a couple of hours without speaking to the driver they were astonished when he turned round and said casually, "How about a beer?"

Leon had had a chauffeur in Europe

for seventeen years and not once had the man spoken until he was addressed. Faintly, Leon Koerner told the Canadian driver, "We don't want a drink. But please have one yourself."

The driver pulled up and was about to enter a beer parlor alone when he swung around, opened the back door of the car and said, "Aw, come on. Have a beer." In bewildered obedience the two Koerners followed him. When the man insisted on paying—"I asked you, didn't I?"—they were speechless.

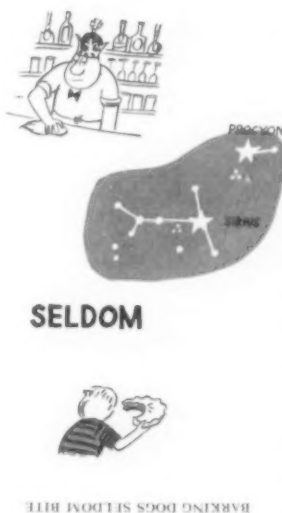
Later Otto said, "What do you make of them, Leon?"

Leon replied, "I'm beginning to like

PETER WHALLEY'S Silly Saws

Can you guess the famous saying that is concealed in these drawings? It's as familiar as "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Check your answer below.



them. There is no virtue in servility. This is one of only two countries in the world where a man can do what he's best suited for and suffer no feeling of social inferiority to other people. They are natural, candid and proud. They are strong, healthy, intelligent and mechanically minded. And they are loyal if you treat them well. They are the finest workers in the world. We must break with the past, for this is our future."

The Koerners had some surprises up their sleeve for the Canadians too. "When I joined the company in 1943," says foreman Albert Rose, "I was amazed—everything was so clean. I had always been used to mills where you ate your lunch sitting on a log, washed your hands in the boiler room, and went into the bush to the toilet. But here was a fine cafeteria, indoor plumbing and concrete runways between the stacks to save the men from getting their feet wet."

Cleanliness halved the accident rate at the mill. Men no longer lost time through tripping over end pieces spilled off trucks and left lying around, or slipping on patches of grease. Heads were

saved from bumps by the first safety helmets introduced into a B.C. sawmill.

In 1940 Koerner installed a company union, the Alaska Pine Employees' Advisory Committee, in his plant to act as a bargaining agency. He had learned much about union philosophy from his friend Joseph Macek, the leader of the prewar Czech Social Democrat Party, the one-time mentor of union executives all over the world and today a lecturer in economics at the University of Pittsburgh, Penn.

When, in 1943, the workers voted for the establishment in the plant of a local of the International Woodworkers of America, Koerner accepted the decision by saying, "What the law of this grand country of ours stands for, and what the majority of our fellow workers express through secret vote, within reason, and the limits of your management's possibilities, will be your management's guidance for action."

Once, addressing his employees as "fellow workers, and friends," he castigated them because only twenty-eight out of five hundred had voted at the election of the plant union committee. "I know," he said, "that loyal men hesitate to take on union duties because they fear these might not be in the interest of the company. That attitude is wrong. It leaves power in the union open to Communists. Exercise your right and vote."

Until the number of employees exceeded two hundred and fifty he knew the Christian name of every man, and had visited them all at home. Four nephews, Fred Koerner, Peter Sloane, Henry Schindler and Francis Reif, became executives, but Koerner told the workers to call them, since they were so young, by their first names. Reif, today general manager of the lumber division, is still called Francis by five hundred men and women in the plant.

The Koerner mill at New Westminster was the first in B.C. to introduce a lunch room, a Christmas bonus, holidays with pay and a medical plan that was subsequently superseded by the provincial government's own scheme. Until Koerner's arrival it was the custom of B.C. mills to pay more for day-shift work than night-shift work. Koerner, deciding that night work was tougher, reversed the practice, and Alaska Pine was the first mill in the province to pay five cents an hour more for night work than day. Now all sawmills pay the night shift more.

Koerner's personal relationship with his men was perhaps best illustrated when the workers were out on a five-week IWA strike over wages and hours in 1946. At the height of the strike Koerner was invited as an honored guest at a dinner of the workers' bowling club.

At a recent plant Christmas party the employees presented Koerner with an enlarged replica of a cheque. Four feet long and eighteen inches deep it is drawn on The Bank of Goodwill. Against the word "pay" is written Koerner's name. On the line marked "the sum of" is written the word "gratitude." It is signed, "Alaska Pine Employees." Few visitors leave Koerner's office without being asked to admire it, as it hangs in a frame on the wall.

For several months after the outbreak of the war Koerner had to report to the RCMP at regular intervals as an "enemy alien." The routine was brought to an end only when the Czech government-in-exile was formed under Benes in London. But it was never so humiliating as

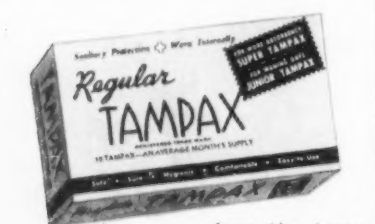


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Koerner had feared. Today he still entertains one of the RCMP officers with whom he went through the formality ("a most polite and friendly man").

By 1954 Koerner had expressed his thanks for Canada's hospitality and bounty in half a dozen grants to the University of British Columbia of sums ranging from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars. To show his gratitude toward Canada in 1951 he gave ten thousand dollars for the extension of the law faculty library.

In 1946 Otto Koerner died, at fifty-two, from a heart attack brought on by overwork. He was buried according to the rites of the United Church. Leon Koerner became president. Jointly with his brother Walter, he gave a twenty-five-thousand-dollar grant to the UBC library in memory of Otto. When Canadian citizenship was introduced in 1947 Koerner was one of the first four hundred people in the country to receive his certificate. He was invited to attend a formal ceremony in Vancouver at which prominent men became the first Canadian citizens. His certificate, number 0388, hangs on

the wall of his office. "That," he says, "is the most valuable document in my possession."

Since then Koerner, who had earned a reputation for gravity and reclusiveness, has frequently manifested gaiety and gregariousness. His lighter side was seen at its best in 1951 when Sir Dennis Lawson, then Lord Mayor of London, was his guest. Lawson expressed admiration for a troupe of Hawaiian dancers who were appearing at the Pacific National Exhibition. At once Koerner invited them to his home and threw a party. The Hawaiians arrived bearing leis. Soon forty guests, including Lieutenant-Governor Clarence Wallace, Premier Byron Johnson and Mayor Fred Hume and their wives, were also dancing the hula.

Thea Koerner, who quit the stage in 1922 but never lost her theatrical spirit, was one of the ringleaders of the revel. A full-length portrait of her, painted at the age of twenty-four, shows her to have been a radiantly beautiful woman. In her veins two volatile racial strains explode. Although she was born in Germany, her parents were of Polish and

Swedish descent. She is given, on occasion, to swinging rapidly between tears and laughter.

Her devotion to Canada equals that of her husband. Recently she wrote a song entitled Song of an Immigrant. Set to music by a nephew, Paul Reif, printed at her husband's expense, and copyrighted throughout the world, it begins:

Oh Canada, my Canada, my dear beloved land.
You opened arms, you opened hearts
So our wounds could mend . . .

And it ends:

Oh Canada, my Canada, wherever I shall be
From here into Eternity
My heart belongs to thee . . .

It's hardly up to Yeats or Auden or Birney. But as Leon Koerner says, as he proudly presents all visitors with a copy, "It's not how it's written that matters, but what it means." ★



We're wasting millions on an obsolete air force continued from page 15

"Air-force propaganda is leading the public along dangerous paths"

This theory was being enounced even thirty years ago, as revealed by General Sir Giffard Martel in The Problem of Security:

It was at this stage (1925) that a wish became father to thought. The air force came to the front with some entirely new proposals. They claimed that they were introducing a new form of warfare by using the third dimension. The whole of the enemy country would be open to attack instead of just a stupid little strip where the military forces met. As warfare depends on the will of the people, the source of that will would be attacked at once. This would be done by bombing attacks on the heart of the country. Land warfare was limited to fighting along the front and was like hitting a man on the skin till he bled to death. By using air warfare you could attack the heart at once. These were the views the air staff preached. Moreover, warfare of that nature would be handed back to a comparatively small professional air force. The rest of the country would, of course, be heavily engaged in aircraft manufacture, but except for this and shipbuilding they would pursue their normal lives, instead of being conscripted into the army and killed in hundreds and thousands. It is no small wonder that the air-force propaganda of this nature succeeded . . . These claims, which could not be accepted by the other services, were often made in public utterances. For instance, several claims of this nature were made by the Chief of the Air Staff at a public lecture at Cambridge in 1925.

General Martel adds: "This practice has now, fortunately, ceased." Unfortunately, if this statement is true of Britain it does not apply on our side of the Atlantic.

The air forces failed to fulfill these more extravagant claims during World War II. They failed to fulfill different, but equally extravagant, claims in the Korean campaign. But, they now say,

atomic weapons have created a new and totally different picture; what happened or failed to happen in the past is neither here nor there.

In Britain in the period of which General Martel writes, the air forces gained acceptance of their theory, to the detriment of the navy, and the army, because the air-force argument was in accord with political expediency. The RAF discovered, however, that to provide balanced offensive and defensive forces was beyond the national means. To ignore defensive forces left the home base exposed to the very knockout blow they claimed they could deliver against an enemy by bomber forces. Anything approaching a fully effective defense could only be provided at the expense of limiting the size of the offensive bomber force to a level that would render it too weak to deliver a knockout blow, even if a fully effective defense had been technically possible.

"Jobs for all the boys"

In selling their theory the British air staff spoke in terms of a force of two hundred modern long-range bombers. Later, in war, when a force of this size was not achieving any decisive result, five hundred became the magic number, then a thousand, then "if only this force could have been doubled." But by this time, the co-ordinated action of sea, land and air forces had brought World War II to an end.

Today history is repeating itself. The incessant propaganda of air forces and a massive and powerful aircraft industry are leading the public and political leaders along dangerous strategic paths. The present version of the "air forces-thermo-nuclear" concept of strategy has developed in three phases, the first perhaps starkly realistic if all its implications are accepted, the last two, definitely militarily unsound and for this reason bearing the unpleasant suspicion that military thinking is tainted with motives of "jobs for the boys" and "keep the air forces on top of the heap at any price."

The first phase involved the adoption

of "massive retaliation with thermo-nuclear weapons at times and places of our own choosing" as the principal instrument of deterrence and the principal means of defeating an aggressor if deterrence failed. The arguments for this policy might be summarized something like this: the Western nations, and particularly the U. S., are the most advanced technically and most highly industrialized in the world, and have an established lead in atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons and aircraft. The nations of the Communist bloc are technically and industrially backward but command great resources of manpower. It would be unsound and the height of folly to compete with them in the medium that suits them best—military forces of massed manpower. We should on the contrary exploit our superiority in atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons and aircraft design.

The U. S. could never dare risk knowingly falling behind in the air-power-atomic-thermo-nuclear race. To maintain a safe margin of superiority is very costly. Having regard to economic factors and conflicting demands on manpower, if superiority must be maintained in offensive aerial warfare, why not go one stage further and make the threat of its use the hinge pin of Western strategy? The best way of deterring a would-be aggressor is to make it unmistakably clear that any major aggression will be met by retaliation with thermo-nuclear weapons on the heartland of the leading aggressor nation.

This is realistic reasoning provided it is accepted as only a temporary situation. To regard it as otherwise is to ignore certain facts and certain lessons of history. The most important fact is the ascendancy of the offensive in aerial warfare, which has existed since the middle Thirties. Every indication points to the continuation of this ascendancy. Of the lessons of history, the first is the danger of underestimating our enemy and the second is that no new weapon has ever remained the monopoly of one nation.

Another important consideration is that the strategic concept of the knockout

blow delivered from the air places the highest possible premium on the initiative—so long as Russia remains inferior in terms of thermo-nuclear weapons and the means of their delivery, this is not too disadvantageous, because it enables the U. S. to neutralize a Russian initiative in conventional warfare, by countering and seizing the initiative in thermo-nuclear retaliation. But it is difficult to see how the democratic bloc would ever sanction the initiative in starting hostilities as military aggressors.

The position may be far from favorable when the Russians reach a situation where they are confident they possess all the means of administering an aerial knockout blow. How will the Western alliance then deal with the process of encroachment and erosion by "minor" or "proxy" aggressions?

The policy of "massive retaliation" declared by Mr. Dulles has had disadvantageous repercussions already. It has provided the most positive spur to the Russians to press the development of atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons and vehicles of delivery. It would seem, too, that they have decided to alleviate the cost factor, and retain powerful conventional forces at the same time, by a parallel development of atomic energy for industrial purposes, a solution to which the Western powers might well give greater emphasis. At the same time, it has led many of the smaller powers in NATO to slacken their efforts to raise and maintain military forces. They can reason like this: if the theory of "massive retaliation" succeeds as a deterrent, there will be no war; if it fails, we shall be smashed beyond recovery. Therefore, why continue to overstrain our already strained economy to maintain forces that cannot defend us in any event?

What if the Russians surprise us?

There is also the risk that when we in the West know that destruction hangs over our heads if we initiate thermo-nuclear warfare and retaliation in that form, the Communist powers will again set about the process of piecemeal "conventional" aggression. Possibly, with these risks in mind, the U. S. and other NATO powers made no appreciable reduction in their conventional military forces, in this first phase.

In the second phase, the realization of our defensive weaknesses, and the unexpected speed of Russian progress in atomic and aeronautical development, gave rise to deep and earnest heart searchings. There was the danger that should the Russians take the initiative in thermo-nuclear warfare, the Strategic Air Command of the United States Air Force—the agent of massive retaliation—might be surprised and caught on its bases and destroyed at a first single stroke. There was the added danger that lack of defense might sap the determination of democratic peoples to sanction the use of "massive retaliation." Thus plans for distant-early-warning lines and elaborate new fighter defenses came into being.

Distant early warning to secure Strategic Air Command against a surprise attack is militarily sound; the effort to build an effective defense based on the radar-controlled, winged, manned fighter is not. An adequate defense that can reduce the effects of attack to bearable proportions is not attainable in terms of present thinking. We are chasing a will-o-the-wisp. It may be possible in the near future to produce a defense that would be effective against the ultimate winged bomber plane, but by the time this result can be achieved we shall be confronted with the new challenge of the intercon-

tinental ballistic missile. In the meantime the greater proportion of the scientific and technical industrial resources of the democratic world are going to be absorbed in competing in a losing race.

The existing imbalance as between the power of the offensive and the weakness of the defensive in aerial warfare cannot be corrected by continuing evolutionary development of the winged manned fighter. If a defense can be evolved that can deal effectively with the ballistic missile, it will also deal with any possible version of a winged bomber. The reverse is not true. All our efforts in the field of research and development in aerial warfare should NOW be directed to seeking an effective defense against the ballistic missile.

In the meantime, if our security is based solely upon "massive retaliation with thermo-nuclear weapons," we must accept the risk that we too may be struck a devastatingly destructive blow against which we cannot protect ourselves. That is the factual situation, whether we care to admit it or not. The recent trend of thinking has been to concentrate on continental defense, at the expense of supporting overseas allies. But it should be realized now that there is little if any chance of providing a defense against the intercontinental ballistic missile, unless the missile is tracked during the launching stage of its flight. Looking at the problem of our future defense, from the most selfish, nationalistic point of view, the holding of the "outer perimeter" in Europe and the Far East becomes not less, but more important than ever before. If, to bolster an ineffective defense, which will still be ineffective, we risk the loss of the "outer perimeter," we are hazarding our future security for a negligible temporary advantage.

And if this policy of chasing a will-o-the-wisp is continued at the price of further reductions in the naval and land forces of the Western powers, we shall become solely dependent upon the threat of "massive retaliation" to deal with even marginal and minor aggressions.

We have reached the "third phase" of the development of the air-force-thermo-nuclear concept, with the evidence given before the U. S. Senate Armed Services Committee this year by Generals LeMay and Partridge. It might well be termed the phase of "the great hedging of the bets" by the more fanatical exponents of this concept. As far as can be judged by the text of evidence that has been published, both express misgivings as to the weakness of the offensive and defensive elements of U. S. air power in the years immediately ahead, and the effectiveness of the Dewline, and both, like Oliver Twists, ask for more.

At the beginning, I quoted a statement by officials of the Department of National Defense: "After the initial holocaust, there might be little industry left to operate, even if manpower could be re-assembled . . . If the conflict continued after the first, terrible phase, Canada would try to pick up the pieces and mobilize as best it could."

The White Paper on defense published in 1955 included a statement that in the event of thermo-nuclear attack *everyone* not directly involved in an urgent military role would immediately be caught up in the problem of rescue, rehabilitation and maintenance of essential services. We have not taken the steps necessary to organize, allocate or train our people for this situation.

I leave it to the reader to decide whether the statement I made in an earlier article—that our machinery for defense is not evolving sound defense policies for Canada—is justified. ★



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Gimmicks we could borrow to prevent our cities decaying

When Baltimore's housing situation had become intolerable, when disease, delinquency and distress spread unchecked through its slums, these three measures were enlisted to fight the blight — and proved effective. Baltimore authorities insist they would work in any city with a slum problem



THE PILOT HOUSE

THE HOUSING COURT

IN 1947 Baltimore became the first city in the world to establish a Housing Court to deal with violations of city hygienic-housing regulations. Violators were formerly charged in magistrate's court. Here, their cases were either delayed for weeks or rushed through by a magistrate who would explain, "I can't waste time on bad plumbing when my court is jammed with assault, robbery and murder."

In the Housing Court nothing is more important than bad plumbing, defective wiring or littered alleyways.

At one recent session Judge Mar-

shall Levin, a handsome man in his forties, was on the bench. Speaking softly and sympathetically to each violator, he explained, "The purpose of this court is not to punish you but to keep our city clean." The court is empowered to impose a maximum fine of one hundred dollars on violators with an additional one hundred for each day the violation continues.

A woman was charged with allowing the plaster in several rooms to fall down. "But I never go near the place," she said. "My agent collects the rent and looks after my property."

"But you're the owner and the responsibility is yours to keep it in shape," said the judge.

One man with one hundred and fifty-six properties had appeared forty-three times. Another landlord was fined ten dollars for not providing tenants with garbage pails. A woman kept sixteen dogs and cats in her apartment; she was ordered to reduce the number of her pets to four.

Judge Levin, after disposing of each case, said to the person involved, "Please don't let me see you back here."

THE FIGHT BLIGHT FUND

WHEN MANY Baltimore property owners claimed they didn't have the money to bring their homes up to a minimum standard of decency, a committee of businessmen and realtors established the Fight Blight Fund Inc. In charge of it is William A. Andrews, a lawyer and realtor.

For deserving home owners the Fight Blight Fund finances repairs at a low rate of interest; sometimes the loans are free. But the fund helps with counsel and advice more than

with cash. A war veteran with a wife and five children, for example, was ordered to make two hundred and thirty dollars' worth of repairs on his home. He claimed he was making only sixty-five dollars a week and couldn't afford it. He had been buying his home on a mortgage guaranteed by the Veterans Administration; he was behind in his payments for groceries and fuel; a store had repossessed his furniture. Discouraged, he decided to sell his home.

It was at this point that Fight Blight stepped in. Andrews took the veteran to the local VA office and arranged for a postponement of mortgage payments. He contacted the veteran's creditors and they agreed not to press for payment. A social worker showed the mother how to stretch her husband's salary. Finally, Fight Blight loaned the man the two hundred and thirty dollars to make necessary repairs to his home and gave him ample time to repay it.

THE PILOT HOUSE

WHEN IT WAS decided to clean up a twenty-seven-block section in East Baltimore (known as the Pilot Area) the question was raised, "How can we enlist the help of people in the area?" One answer was Pilot House.

Pilot House was a frame hovel right in the centre of the slum area. It was purchased by the Church of the Brethren. Teen-age church members under a trained sociologist, Vernon Hoffman, cleaned, scrubbed,

patched and painted Pilot House. This completed, the volunteers then went from home to home in the Pilot Area, helping the owners cement basements, paint walls, putty window frames. They held woodchopping bees to tear down rotten fences and cut them up for firewood. They organized Bible and handicraft classes, conducted basketball games and ran a nursery school. In summer they blocked off certain streets and, using

fire hydrants, created "street showers." Empty lots were converted into gardens. Students were given instruction in the schools on rodent control and home repairing.

After two and a half years the face of the Pilot Area was changed. Eighty percent of the homes had been brought up to the minimum standard of decency. The Pilot Improvement and Protective Association now safeguards these gains.

A blueprint to stop our cities' decay continued from page 11

provide himself with similar accommodation in the private market in Baltimore his monthly rent could run between eighty-five and a hundred and thirty-five dollars. But of course the rent paid by HABC tenants covers only seventy percent of the cost of operating and building the various projects. The federal government (through the Public Housing Administration) makes up two thirds of the annual deficit. Last year the federal subsidy to Baltimore for low-cost housing was a million and a half dollars. The city makes up the rest of the deficit by exempting the projects from taxation. The city gets some money back: ten percent of all shelter rents collected in lieu of taxes. Last year this amounted to \$204,000, about \$100,000 more than the city used to get in taxes on the properties and land where the projects now stand.

In contrast, tenants at Toronto's Regent Park North public-housing project pay an average monthly rental of sixty-two dollars for comparable accommodation—almost twice as much. The rent is calculated to total about twenty percent of the family income, and ranges anywhere from twenty-nine to ninety-three dollars a month, including services.

Regent Park has been criticized for not catering to the lowest-income groups. Priorities were given to families who happened to be living in the area where the land was expropriated to put up the present buildings. No ceiling has been placed on tenants' earnings, although it

has been proposed to exclude anyone in the future making more than \$4,100 a year. Frank Dearlove, the manager of Regent Park North, estimates that on an average the rentals are half those that tenants would have to pay on the private market.

Regent Park North is the result of a partnership between three levels of government. The federal agency, Central Mortgage and Housing Corp., and the city of Toronto split the three-million-dollar cost of acquiring the land. The city then financed the building of almost thirteen millions worth of homes with a grant of \$1,300,000 from the Province of Ontario. Regent Park North requires no subsidies. It is expected that 1956 will yield an operating surplus of \$300,000 which will be turned over to Toronto to pay off the costs of building. In addition, the project will pay \$220,000 in city taxes. The same area formerly yielded only \$36,000 a year in tax revenue. Most other public housing in Canada is financed by the federal and provincial governments with the federal government contributing seventy-five percent of the cost.

Increased tax revenue is only one of the ways a city profits by providing decent housing. In the old days, Baltimore spent forty-five percent of its revenue on slums, although they provided only six percent of the city's revenue. This was due to the staggering costs of providing fire, police, health and welfare services. In concrete terms, the city was losing \$2,500 an acre, or \$14,300,000 a year,

on slums. And the situation was growing worse. In just seven years, the assessment value of the blighted areas dropped by ten million dollars.

No figures, however, can tell the full tragedy of slum living. Juvenile delinquency and infant mortality were fifty percent higher than the rest of the city. The slums had ten times as much gonorrhea, seven times as much syphilis, eleven times as many cases of lead poisoning, three times as many deaths from TB. Most of the fire victims in Baltimore lived in the decaying, depressed blighted areas.

I recently visited Lafayette Courts, an 816-unit project in Baltimore, where I learned how costs of fire, crime, illness and welfare had been drastically reduced. Juvenile delinquency, for example, is now practically unknown. "We are really surprised if we get a call to go down there," Mrs. Violet Hill Whyte, a police-woman, told me. There hasn't been a single fire in Lafayette Courts since it opened a year and a half ago.

The TB death rate in the project is only half as great as in slum areas. In addition, land values adjoining the projects have soared and business has improved.

Perhaps even more significant is the fact that each year, for hundreds of families, public housing becomes the gateway to private housing. The average stay per family in a public-housing dwelling is four to five years. Each year some seventeen percent reach the top earning bracket and move out. Few move back to the

slums. Many buy modest homes. The project has taught them a new living pattern. This is one of the reasons that Leonard McLaughlin, president of the Baltimore Real Estate Board, told me, "Public housing in Baltimore hasn't hurt our business."

The same gains have been noted in studies made by the University of Toronto School of Social Work at Regent Park North. Since moving into their new homes, "the morale of many previously unemployed tenants had so improved that they went out and found jobs and are now working." . . . "The costs of relief for deserted wives decreased markedly." . . . "Tenants appear to be becoming more self-sufficient, less in need of help from social agencies." . . . "Colds were less frequent, infectious diseases fewer." . . . "Regent Park children are cleaner, healthier and doing better at school."

But in spite of these proven benefits few low-cost housing projects have been undertaken in Canada.

Providing such housing for the lower-income groups is the basic ingredient of cleaning up a city by "urban renewal." But it's also necessary to carry on other programs as well. Baltimore learned this lesson by trial and error. In 1940 the U. S. housing census shocked the town by publishing figures showing that Baltimore had just about the worst slums in the U. S.

The core of infection was the area ringing the downtown business district—"a sea of despondency," one newspaper call-

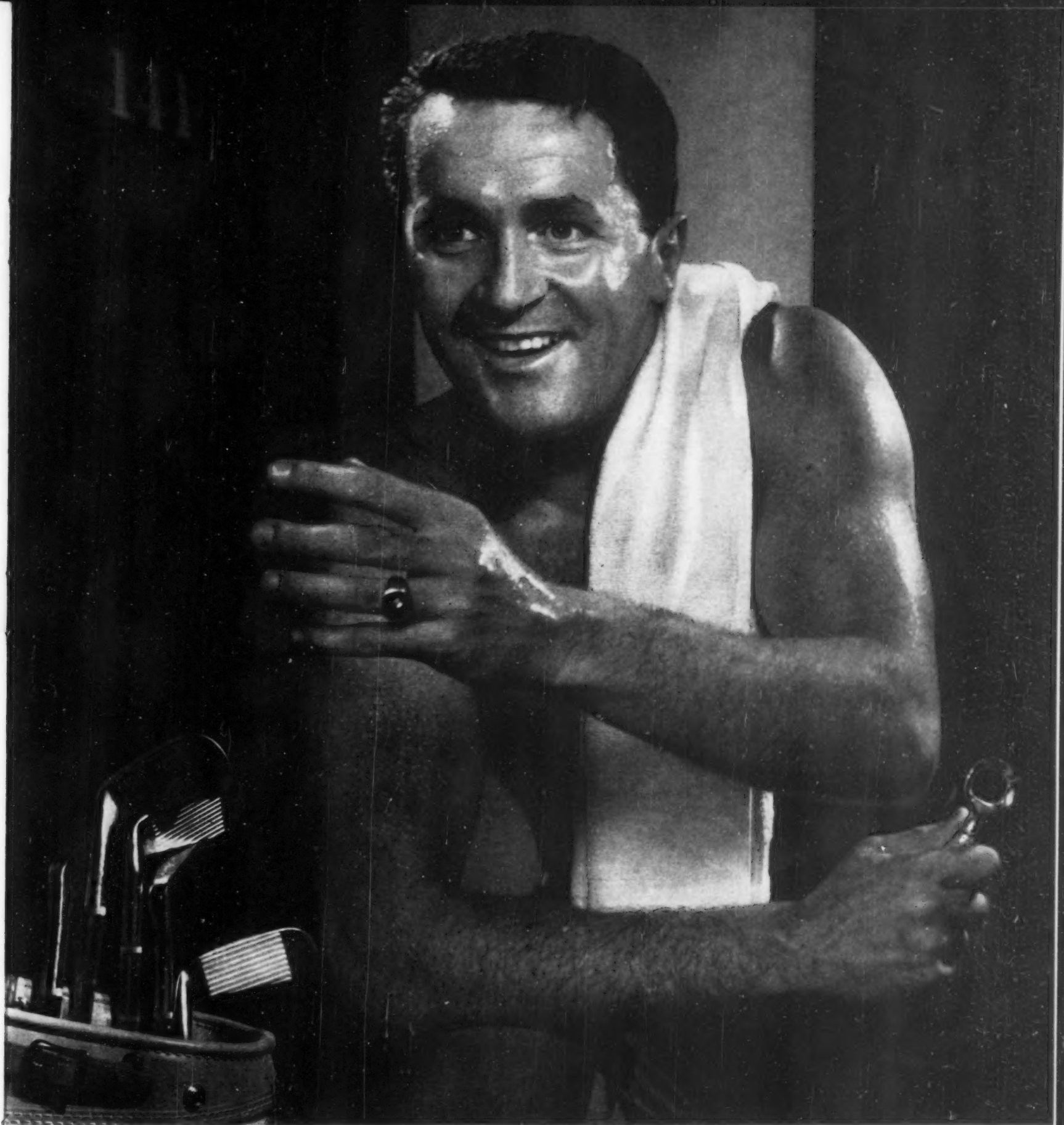


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500-11

ed it. One third of the population was packed into ten percent of the city's space. The houses were jammed. One nine-room house built for a single family had been divided into seventeen rooms for twenty-five occupants. Most of the homes were in disrepair. Dozens of slum children had died through eating lead paint that flaked off the woodwork. Baltimore stood first in the U.S. for the number of homes without bathtubs and with outdoor toilets. A million rats thrived in the rubbish and garbage that cluttered back yards and alleyways. Lax zoning regulations and lack of planning led to an unhealthy mingling of residential and commercial properties.

Citizens who tried to improve conditions met with frustration. The laws dealing with maintenance of property were inadequate. The health department had never condemned a house. If it did, where would the tenants go? There were no decent houses available at a price they could afford.

It remained for Frances Morton, a social worker in her twenties, to break through Baltimore's iron curtain of complacency. In 1940 she organized the CPHA—the Citizens Planning and Housing Association. This group has given leadership in the campaign to clean up Baltimore. It started by urging the HABC, which was already in existence, to raze the slums and put up low-cost dwellings.

But Miss Morton and her organization soon realized it wasn't necessary—or possible—to clear away all the homes in the blighted areas. There were entire blocks that could be made habitable by cleaning and patching. There was one snag: city housing ordinances were ineffective. In 1942 the CPHA won a major victory when the city made slum conditions a violation of the law. Bolstered by this success, CPHA got behind city departments to clean up "Block One," the worst slum block in Baltimore. This block included sixty-nine properties; the majority of them had only stoves for heating, outdoor toilets and no running water.

It took a year and a half to do the job. In that time, an important lesson was learned. It was not enough to have good regulations; you needed the machinery to enforce them. The magistrate's court was too busy with criminal matters to pay much attention to housing violations. And so a unique kind of court was set up where only housing violations were heard—the Housing Court.

Flushed with this success, the city went on to tackle a twenty-seven-block section in East Baltimore—to become known as the Pilot Area. A special housing bureau was set up in the department of health. A five-man team consisting of health, building, electrical, police and fire in-



FRANCES MORTON

THE POWER behind Baltimore's drive for decent housing is a group of citizens who call themselves the Citizens Planning and Housing Association. The founder and spark plug is a slender, dynamic brunette in her forties, Frances Morton.

For sixty years no one paid much attention to Baltimore's slums. Finally in 1936 Miss Morton, who had graduated from the New York School of Social Work, was asked by social agencies to conduct a housing survey. "I was shocked by what I found," she says.

After her survey she went to work at Johns Hopkins Hospital as a medical social worker. There she saw an

spectors would visit each home in a body. In the first few years they unearthed 16,671 violations. Ninety percent of them were corrected before they reached the Housing Court. Many property owners said they wanted to make repairs but pleaded poverty. To help them, a group of businessmen and realtors set up the Fight Blight Fund Inc., which made loans interest-free or at a low rate.

An educational program was launched among residents of the Pilot Area. It involved schools, parks and the recreation department—indeed, every other city department as well. The Church of the Brethren purchased a run-down hovel, and youthful church members, by their own labor, turned it into a cheerful show place as a demonstration of what could be done.

Baltimore's success in Block One and the Pilot Area attracted wide attention. Popularly known as the Baltimore Plan, it was hailed in many quarters as the final answer to the slum problem. Informed Baltimoreans were quick to disagree. "All we have demonstrated," said Hans Froelicher Jr., a past president of CPHA, in 1952, "is that vigorous housekeeping can prevent slum growth. It doesn't add a single dwelling to the housing supply. The ultimate solution is more subsidized public housing and a broader concept of urban renewal."

What can we learn from the Baltimore Plan? First, that aroused and informed

How one woman found a cure for housing ills

endless procession of slum victims; a hundred a year suffered rat bites.

In 1940 Frances Morton organized the CPHA. Today twenty-two hundred businessmen, lawyers, doctors, realtors, clergymen, housewives and students are members.

Virtually every step in Baltimore's slum fight has been spearheaded by Miss Morton and CPHA. They organized slum tours to convince disbelievers. They campaigned for hygienic housing laws and suggested a Housing Court. They espoused public housing, redevelopment and urban renewal.

Frances Morton says any other community could do the same thing.

citizens must be the catalyst for civic improvement. Second, that repairing, painting and scrubbing can play an important part in urban renewal. Third, that it's not enough to work on buildings—you have to work with people as well. Fourth, that you need an efficient system of property inspection and law enforcement. Prof. Albert Rose, a University of Toronto expert on housing, feels that many Canadian troubles stem from a lax system of enforcement of housing regulations. "We just haven't enough inspectors," he says. Furthermore, civic authorities hesitate to condemn properties since there are no low-cost dwellings available for the people who would be evicted.

While the Baltimore Plan had proven valuable in the battle against blight, the planners were still far from satisfied. Frances Morton, who organized Baltimore's Citizens Planning and Housing Association, explains, "Authority was lacking to do some of the things that needed doing." In the Pilot Area, for example, the planners couldn't requisition land for parks or playgrounds or build a badly needed school. They couldn't separate residential and commercial properties. They couldn't control traffic by closing some streets and broadening others, thus preserving residential sections. They discovered that you can't restore a city willy-nilly by cleaning up random pieces one at a time: the minimum desirable unit was a "natural neighborhood" where

people lived and had schools, churches, playgrounds, shopping and recreational centres. And finally, they realized that the job of urban renewal was too big for governments alone to handle. Private interests had to be involved.

But this wasn't simple. It's true that in every large city there are blighted areas occupying valuable land. But often, private interests won't touch them; they're too expensive and it requires lengthy negotiating with scores of property owners.

To overcome these difficulties the Redevelopment Commission was established. Like the HABC, it is an independent public corporation, with money coming from the federal government and the city of Baltimore (two federal dollars for every city dollar). Armed with expropriation powers, the Redevelopment Commission designates an entire neighborhood that is in need of redevelopment, and springs into action. The commission assembles land and resells it to private interests at less than cost.

Area Twelve, a blighted district covering fourteen blocks in downtown Baltimore, is a prime example. Robert Larrabee, the forty-two-year-old director of the Redevelopment Commission, negotiated with more than one thousand property owners to acquire their properties. New homes were found for residents who had to move out. "We never leave anybody without a home," says Larrabee.

After conferring with the City Planning Commission and a dozen other agencies, Larrabee and his staff decided how the fourteen blocks could be best used. For one thing, the State of Maryland wanted four blocks to erect a sixteen-million-dollar office building. This was approved. It will become the centre of the redeveloped district. "We then concluded," says Larrabee, "that the area needed a hotel, a playground, some office buildings and some apartment houses." These will be constructed by private interests, who will then pay proper taxes to the city. It is expected that some thirty million dollars will be invested in Area Twelve. The only subsidy involved is in the land costs: the Redevelopment Commission expects to pay about six millions for the land and will probably sell it to the builders for about four millions.

Baltimoreans are the last people to claim that they have perfected the techniques of urban renewal. But some of the things they have already learned can profitably be applied to Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Saint John, Winnipeg, Vancouver—indeed, in every Canadian community where old buildings are in disrepair, where there aren't enough houses for low-income families, where the traffic is poorly controlled and where public apathy and ignorance are breeding slums and blight. ★



Can science beat the virus diseases?

Continued from page 13

characteristic that would distinguish the virus from other germs. They soon learned that unlike a bacterium, which reproduces by simple division and can live indefinitely in earth or water or some other substance, a virus can multiply only inside a living cell in a mysterious manner that isn't yet fully understood. The fact that a virus has to live inside a cell, like a worm in a rosebud, makes it difficult to study and almost impossible to destroy such a virus

without injuring the cell.

The virus is perfectly designed for its job of cell invasion. Viruses differ in shape—bacterial viruses look like tadpoles, plant viruses are round or rod-like, animal viruses are usually spherical or brick-shaped—but each one has a protein coating surrounding a core of nucleic acid. Somewhere on the virus' rough surface is a set of electrical charges which attach themselves to complementary charges on the surface of a

cell. The cell wall breaks down at this point, allowing the virus to inject its acid contents into the cell while its protein sheath is sloughed off and left outside. Inside the cell, the acid disappears for a time. In some secret way the virus begins to work on the cell, forcing it to manufacture virus material instead of cell material. Soon new viruses begin to form, filling the exhausted cell and finally bursting forth to prey on neighboring cells when the original cell is destroyed or too damaged to sustain its parasites. The virus multiplies with such rapidity that hundreds of new viruses emerge within minutes.

As they trace their path of destruction from cell to cell, the viruses engage in only one activity—reproduction. For this reason scientists compare them to genes,

the basic units of creation that enable every living thing to produce descendants like itself. Like genes, viruses breed true; an influenza virus won't begin to produce smallpox viruses any more than an elephant will give birth to kittens.

But viruses, again like genes, are capable of mutation within certain limits, and a mild strain of any disease may suddenly change to a more virulent variety. Epidemiologists explain that the disastrous influenza pandemic that killed twenty million people all over the world in 1918-19 was caused by a virus mutation that produced a new strain of the disease, deadly because of its very newness. Since no one had ever been exposed to it before, no one had developed an immunity against it. Only two influenza strains, A and B, are in cur-

rent circulation, but another mutation could create a dangerous new variant at any time.

Immunity, your defense against infection, is the process that prevents a virus from rampaging endlessly through your body. The entry of the virus stimulates the production of a blood protein called gamma globulin. The gamma globulin particles are called antibodies because each one is an exact fit for each particle of virus; by enveloping and smothering the viruses they fight off the disease. How you fare when a virus attacks you depends to a large extent on how fast your blood can produce antibodies against that particular disease.

After you fight off a virus, you're immune to the disease it causes as long as the antibodies continue to circulate in your blood stream. Some antibodies, like those produced by the common cold, last only a few weeks, while others such as measles usually last a lifetime. One reason an infant is immune to most in-

the process was opposed on religious grounds during the great smallpox epidemic that ravaged Montreal in the summer of 1885. One hot September night, enforced vaccination touched off a riot among French-Canadian citizens who regarded artificial immunization as a transgression of God's will. Though twenty thousand people had caught the disease, health officials were besieged on this evening by a howling mob of anti-vaccinationists who wrecked the city hall, beat up the chief of police, hurled threats at the mayor and aldermen and set fire to the offices of the Montreal Herald. Nowadays only a few diehards object to vaccination.

Current research is focused on the development of a live antipolio vaccine that will give longer immunity than the Salk vaccine, which uses killed virus. Polio work, probably the most publicized and most accelerated medical project of the last decade, directly owes its spectacular success to four recent developments:

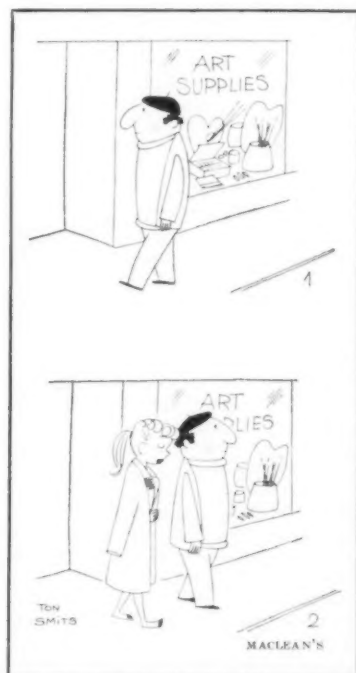
- The discovery that polio virus can be grown in live monkey kidney cells inside a test tube, for which Dr. John F. Enders of Harvard won a Nobel Prize in 1954. Scientists had for years been growing viruses in test tubes, as well as in live laboratory animals and hen's eggs, but no one had previously succeeded in tissue culture of polio virus. By making antipolio vaccine a practical possibility, Enders gave tremendous impetus to virus research in general.

- The perfecting of the electron microscope, a complex instrument that costs upwards of twelve thousand dollars and magnifies up to sixty thousand times. Since most viruses are so small that twenty million of them could perch on the head of a pin, they can't be seen at all through an ordinary microscope. With an electron microscope, laboratory workers can photograph viruses enlarged to the size of Rice Krispies, which some of them resemble, and view an extraordinary phenomenon: the spread of virus infection across a sheet of living cells. Similar in size, the cells normally present a regular pattern like a honeycomb. But when the tissue is injected with a virus, all regularity of pattern soon vanishes. Some cells are destroyed; others swell to giant size in their attempt to feed the insatiable virus.

- The use of isotopes to trace the course of virus infection inside the cell. First the host cells are grown in a medium that contains radioactive phosphorus, so that the phosphorus is incorporated into the tissue. When the cells are inoculated with a virus, it's possible to see what use the virus makes of the cell material by watching what happens to the phosphorus.

- The development by Dr. Raymond Parker, and his associates at the Connaught Laboratories in Toronto, of a chemical medium in which to grow cells, which were then used to grow viruses for the production of Salk vaccine. The value of this artificial medium lies in its freedom from the extra germs often carried in the old-fashioned animal-serum medium, which sometimes caused virus infections or hypersensitivity reactions in the people vaccinated.

Last year these delicate new techniques enabled Dr. H. L. Ormsby of the department of ophthalmology at the University of Toronto, and his research group headed by Dr. Ann Fowle, to anticipate last summer's epidemic of fever caused by a virus belonging to a recently isolated group called the APC (adenoidal-pharyngeal-conjunctival) viruses. Early in 1955 Dr. Ormsby found that several adult patients sent to him



fections for the first few months of life is the fact that his blood contains some of his mother's antibodies.

Even if you haven't actually had a particular disease, your doctor may have a way of providing an artificial immunity against it. Injections of gamma globulin from the blood of people who have had polio or measles confer temporary immunity. Vaccination with the virus itself protects you longer, even if it's a killed virus like the one used in Salk vaccine. Vaccination with live virus is the method most effective but also most dangerous; it can be used only against diseases for which laboratory workers have developed a non-virulent strain. For years researchers passed the virus of yellow fever through various animal cells—mouse brains, monkey kidneys, chick embryos—until a series of mutations finally produced a strain of living virus called 17D, which induces you to grow antibodies against yellow fever without suffering symptoms of the disease.

Today, new vaccines against diseases such as polio are hailed as lifesavers, but earlier public reaction to vaccination was anything but favorable. Pioneers like Jenner and Pasteur found patients weren't entirely happy about having live germs let loose inside them. In Canada

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by Toronto oculists and public clinics had a peculiar eye infection which he recognized as the product of type 3 APC virus. This infection, pharyngo-conjunctival fever, a variety of pinkeye first spotted in Colorado in 1951, is dangerous for adults because it often causes tiny opaque spots to form on the cornea of the eye, temporarily impairing vision. In children it appears as a high fever with sore eyes and throat but does no lasting damage.

Remembering that the disease had caused epidemics in swimming pools in two U.S. cities, Dr. Ormsby set up a research team with Dr. Rhodes and assistant Frances Doane at the Hospital for Sick Children. At the beginning of August children all over Toronto began catching the fever. Highly contagious, it spread like wildfire through the city's swimming pools; one pool in North Toronto bred 112 cases within the month. "This disease is so new that we do not know when or where to expect the next epidemic," Dr. Ormsby says. Frances Doane adds, "We can't suggest any treatment for APC diseases until we know more about the viruses themselves."

Another APC virus, Type 8, causes a form of conjunctivitis that first broke out in shipyards on the U.S. west coast during the war and hit 549 workers at the Ford Motor Company in Windsor, Ont., in 1951. Still another is the source of an influenza-like illness that seems to specialize in attacking new army recruits.

A virus that hasn't yet been trapped is the one that causes infective hepatitis, a liver disease commonly called jaundice because yellow skin is usually its most obvious symptom. Since it thrives on poor sanitation, hepatitis has always been a wartime camp follower, but has become a serious peacetime health problem in North America only within the last ten years. Before 1952, the number of cases reported in Canada never rose above a few hundred and the incidence of cases was often less than one in a hundred thousand people. In 1954, with 4,567 reported cases, 104 of them fatal, the incidence jumped to more than thirty cases in each hundred thousand. In the same year, nearly fifty thousand cases were reported in the U.S. Part of this startling increase is undoubtedly due to more accurate diagnosis and reporting, but many doctors believe the disease has really become more common.

Infective hepatitis has a strange step-brother called serum hepatitis because it's carried only in blood and contracted from transfusion or improperly sterilized needles. Serum hepatitis made its most dramatic appearance in the spring of 1942, just after the U.S. entered the war. Eighty thousand recruits who had been inoculated with certain batches of yellow-fever vaccine came down with jaundice; serum hepatitis had accidentally been transmitted along with the live yellow-fever virus.

Although the two kinds of hepatitis have different incubation periods and modes of transmission, they share the same uncomfortable symptoms—fatigue, loss of appetite, headache, stomach ache, jaundice and sometimes fever. Once you've caught either disease, the doctor can't prescribe anything except plenty of rest and a diet high in proteins, carbohydrates and vitamins. Although you'll probably recover within three months, hepatitis may permanently damage your liver.

Another self-limiting illness that drugs won't cure is infectious mononucleosis or glandular fever. Like hepatitis it seems more prevalent, especially among young

adults under thirty-five. After making a five-year study of mononucleosis in the Royal Navy, Surgeon Commander M. A. Rugg-Gunn noticed that the number of cases rose steadily and reported, "One must conclude that the disease is becoming commoner amongst this particular age group."

Mononucleosis is a chameleon disease with many possible symptoms, including swollen glands, sore throat, exhaustion and jaundice, but its most significant signs are a swollen spleen and a characteristic blood pattern produced by abnormal lymphocytes, diseased blood cells that can circulate almost anywhere in the body. Although no one knows what causes this condition, some doctors suspect a virus transmitted by kissing. Others suggest the disease is a hypersensitive reaction to overdosing with penicillin and prophylactic vaccines. Both groups cite as evidence the high incidence of mononucleosis in the armed services shortly after Christmas, the season with the most social activity—and the most inoculations.

Though the "hypersensitivity" theory of glandular fever isn't widely held, many health experts warn us that we may be getting too sanitary for our own good. Our high living standard has built-in hazards:

- Overuse of antibiotics is stimulating new strains of drug-resistant bacteria.

- A lower death rate may mean that the world is breeding more people than it can feed. For hundreds of years, infectious disease was the most important agent in preventing overpopulation. Within the last century, science has upset this natural balance of economy.

- Reduced exposure to infection gives us less chance to develop natural immunity. The rise of hepatitis and paralytic polio stems directly from twentieth-century improvement in sanitation. Polio was considered a rare, non-infectious

disease until about sixty years ago when it first began to appear in epidemic form in areas with a high standard of hygiene—Scandinavia, Australia, New Zealand, the northeastern U.S. and Canada. But authorities agree that countries with primitive hygiene owe their freedom from serious cases of polio to the fact that the disease is circulating perennially in the population, causing subclinical infections so mild that illness is hardly apparent. Investigators have found that half the children in Mexico develop polio immunity before the age of three, while more than half the children in wealthier sections of U.S. cities are still susceptible at fourteen.

Some authorities suggest that children should be exposed to mild forms of the common infections before they're twelve. Most virus diseases hit adults hard and sometimes tragically. If a woman catches German measles in early pregnancy, she's likely to lose her baby or give birth to a child with congenital defects of the eyes, ears or heart. Her chance of having a normal child has been estimated as low as fifteen percent.

For many years scientists have suspected viruses as one possible source of an illness that doesn't appear to be infectious at all—cancer. Two months ago, Dr. Wendell M. Stanley of the University of California told doctors attending a National Cancer Conference in Detroit. "The recent findings in the virus field indicate that the virus problem and the cancer problem are one and the same. The time has come when we should assume that viruses are responsible for most, if not all, kinds of cancer, including cancer in man, and design our experiments accordingly. The fact that viruses have not yet been seriously implicated in human cancer does not mean that they are not there."

On the other hand, most doctors point out that virus research is only a small part of the complicated cancer picture. "Many

authorities would fail to go along with Dr. Stanley's claim," comments Dr. Rhodes of the Hospital for Sick Children. "Our new techniques for studying viruses justify a re-examination of the whole question, but until such studies are done it would be better to defer judgment."

The relationship between viruses and cancer, which no one fully understands, may have something to do with the way a virus stimulates abnormal growth in the cells it attacks. It also involves the fact that viruses behave like genes, our basic reproduction units. Some scientists think cancer may originate when a virus invades a cell and hides among the cell's own genes. Over the years, as the genes breed, the cell resembles a revolver loaded for Russian roulette. Eventually the virus-gene may cause cancer or induce a cancer-susceptible condition waiting to be touched off by some other agent such as coal tar, radiation or old age.

Although experiments with human cancer aren't feasible, researchers at the University of Montreal and the Banting Institute in Toronto are working on two types of animal cancer for which virus origin has been proved, leukemia in mice and a malignant tumor that attacks certain fish. A Minnesota virologist, Dr. John J. Bittner, has actually developed a vaccine against a virus that causes breast tumor in mice.

At the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York City, a group of cancer specialists under Dr. Alice Moore are using viruses not to grow tumors, but to destroy them. A virus begins its work by accelerating the cell's growth, but often ends by killing it. Dr. Moore's team attacks cancer with certain viruses that localize in the tumor and destroy it without damaging surrounding normal tissue.

Some day virus research may provide a cure for cancer, curb the spread of infectious disease and even solve the enigma of the life process itself. We can't study our reproductive units, the genes, because they're locked inside body tissue, but we can isolate organisms which are very like genes—viruses. If we learn how viruses multiply, we may eventually understand the operation of genes. Future scientists may actually use this new knowledge to change the heredity of living organisms and perhaps enable people to produce healthier descendants.

What will we do with this new power? Each year the virologists publish reports whose eagerness can't be hidden even by the cautious jargon of the medical journals. But here and there some more contemplative observer warns us that we may not be equal to our responsibilities. Some future nation may purposely breed a hyper-virulent virus to unleash on its enemies after immunizing its own citizens.

"In the insane logic of power politics the ultimate weapon is the virus disease which will spread through and destroy those unwilling to accept domination but spare those who have submitted," observes Sir Macfarlane Burnet, Director of the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute for Medical Research in Melbourne, Australia. "I see no reason why with the continuation of current types of research it should not be physically possible to produce such a weapon in twenty or thirty years' time."

Like the nuclear physicists, today's students of virology have their hands on one of the world's most potent powder kegs. Some of us may live long enough to see whether their secret will be used for the service or annihilation of mankind. ★

My most memorable meal: No. 1

Lawren Harris recalls



A bushwhacker's haunting onion fry

The most memorable meal I ever had—that is, the meal and its aftermath that persists most acutely in memory—was one I shared with my colleague, the artist A. Y. Jackson, and one that he cooked.

In the early Twenties we camped on the north shore of Lake Superior each fall to paint its arresting rugged motifs. We took most of our grub with us and therefore confined it to durable staples that were easily prepared. One year I took along ten pounds of Bermuda onions. Jackson one evening sliced a large mess of these onions, buttered the skillet, covered the bottom with water, dumped in the onions and half boiled and fried them.

After a day's bushwhacking and

sketching they tasted delicious and we ate them all, followed by a pannikin of stewed apricots and several cups of tea.

At nine we crawled into our bedrolls and were soon asleep. Sometime during the night I suffered the most gosh-awful nightmare. I was being choked, smothered and bedeviled by dreadful shapeless beings. I groaned and yelled, squealed and whimpered. Jackson, though the soundest sleeper this side of the grave, was awakened by the horrible racket and whistled in an attempt to waken me. This didn't penetrate. He finally leaned over from his bedroll and poked me awake. I was saved. Now whenever I see an onion I quake.

PAINTER AND PIONEER, MR. HARRIS HELPED FOUND THE GROUP OF SEVEN



For the sake of argument continued from page 4

Divorce doesn't break up homes — its causes do

in a situation where they sense that something is wrong and are exposed to the questions and taunts of their playmates.

Opponents of a broader divorce law say, "We must consider the children." It is because advocates of such a law do consider the children that they urge its enactment. The plight of a child forced to live in a battling home where it is exposed to frequent scenes of violence and has to listen to profane and obscene language is a pitiable one; such a child may thus incur a lifelong injury to nerves and health. Is it not better for that child to be brought up in a re-established home in an atmosphere of peace and affection? And it must not be assumed for one moment, as some smug persons like to assume, that such harmful home environments are found only in the less fashionable sections of our communities; there are many instances of them among the so-called elite.

No advocate of a broader divorce law wishes to interfere with anyone's religious beliefs; the enactment of such a law would not, for no one would be compelled to take advantage of it. What such advocates do object to is that our law (which must govern every citizen) embodies the views peculiar to one or more denominations. The law is one thing; a citizen's religion is another.

Why cling to the past?

As a former lord chancellor of England truly said, "The fact is that the law of the land cannot be co-extensive with the law of morals; nor can the civil consequences of marriage be identical with its religious consequences. What marriage means to different persons will depend on their upbringing, their outlook and their religious belief. We must remember that marriage, whether solemnized in a church or a registry office, whether contracted between Christians or between those who have different or no religious beliefs, must in each case have the same legal consequences."

The person who opposes divorce on any ground whatsoever is at least logical; he is, in the writer's opinion, more entitled to respect than the man who admits there should be divorces in some circumstances but refuses to support any changes in our present law, which was enacted in England in 1857 but reformed there by the famous "Herbert" Act of 1937. But the first-mentioned man is confronted with a fact—a very large proportion of the Canadian people, perhaps a majority of them, believe there should be a divorce law of some kind. The practical question is, therefore, why should we not make that law realistic and just and adequate to the conditions of present-day life—why cling to a law enacted in a different country almost a century ago?

"Broadening the grounds for divorce would not," it will be argued, "lessen the number of divorces." Probably not, but this objection to a new law is based on the fallacy that permeates all the thinking of the opponents of reform. An increase in the divorce rate does not necessarily, as pointed out by the English Royal Commission of 1912, indicate a lessened respect for the sanctity of marriage, but rather the reverse. "Divorce,"

it said, "is not a disease but a remedy for a disease." Homes are not broken up by the courts but by the causes that lead the parties to petition the courts for relief. Wives and husbands today will not put up with the indignities, cruelties and hardships under which, in many cases, their grandparents suffered for years and sometimes for life. Marital slavery and torture are just as much out of tune with the spirit of our age as any other form of slavery is. An aspect of the subject that is seldom dealt with publicly is that often no amount of exhortation or persuasion can lead a physically incompatible couple to overcome their aversion to each other.

To the man who says, "We must preserve the sanctity of marriage," we answer, "We agree and that is why we advocate reform. What, by the way, is the kind of marriage you have in mind? Is it that of 1857, or of 1900 or 1925 or 1956?" Perhaps no other legal relationship has changed so greatly as that of husband and wife during the past century. Except in respect to divorce, the change has been revolutionary. In 1857 the husband was "lord and master" in respect to his wife's property (except where, among the well-to-do classes, there was a marriage settlement); and in respect to the custody of their children the husband's rights took priority to an almost exclusive degree. Today a wife's property is almost as much her own as that of a single woman or man is, and the paramount consideration that is given effect by the courts in deciding the custody of a child is the welfare of that child.

Except, to repeat, in regard to divorce, we have advanced far on the road to a civilized view of the legal aspects of marriage in the last one hundred years. The date 1925 has been one of those selected because it was not until then that a Canadian wife was placed by the law on the same level as her husband with regard to obtaining a divorce on the ground of adultery only; before that date she had to prove, not only adultery, but also additional grounds, such as desertion, cruelty, incestuous adultery, etc. Would the opponents of further reform like to go on record as being against that reform?

Another obstacle to reform is indicated by the frequently heard expressions, "We don't want to become like the States," or, "We don't want to create another Reno here." These statements indicate both needless fears and a lack of knowledge of the situation in "the States," both stimulated by the reports of unusual cases in that country. There is no reason at all why Canada should not frame a reasonable and civilized divorce law without making it as loose as the law in some of the States. Not many Canadians realize that it takes much longer to obtain a divorce in some states than in Canada; and very few Canadians know that until a few years ago one state, South Carolina, was in the same position as Quebec and Newfoundland are. Its courts did not grant divorces on any ground. In another state two couples who obtained Reno divorces and exchanged partners were arrested after returning home, for "living in sin." The chaos in the U.S. in regard to divorce is the result of the fact that each state makes its own di-



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orce law, and persons who can afford to do so can take up "residence" in a state where the law suits their alleged needs. But under our BNA Act the grounds for divorce can be changed only by the parliament at Ottawa.

Reformers, however, who despair of seeing the enactment of a new dominion-wide law should keep in mind that parliament has the power to legislate for one or more provinces (it gave Ontario its divorce law in 1930). Since majority opinion in the four western provinces is probably in favor of a new law, there is no reason why advocates of reform should not urge the passing of a new law to be in force only in those provinces, if the majority of those living in the other provinces do not want it. Such a course, while not ideal, would be far preferable to keeping the whole dominion for years to come in the noxious morass in which it is now bogged down.

A word as to foreign, usually Ameri-

can, divorces. They are not legal in Canada unless granted in a state in which the husband was legally domiciled, i.e., permanently and *bona fide* resident, at the time, or unless recognized as valid in that state.

The reasons why we need a new divorce law have never been better expressed than in the preamble to the famous "Herbert" Act which reformed the divorce law in England. Those reasons are: "The true support of marriage, the protection of children, the removal of hardship, the reduction of illicit unions and unseemly litigation, the relief of conscience among the clergy, and the restoration of due respect for the law." Every one of those reasons is a sound reason for a new divorce law for Canada.

In less parliamentary language the present writer would put it that we need a new divorce law because the present law is indecent, antiquated, unrealistic and inadequate; it is barbarously cruel

and unjust in that it affords practically no barrier to the unscrupulous but prevents conscientious couples from obtaining the freedom they deserve; it breeds perjury and contempt for the administration of the law; it is extremely injurious to the physical, mental and moral health of children who are the innocent victims of it, and it is in no small measure a cause of the growth of juvenile delinquency.

This present law prevents the establishment of a new and wholesome home life; it is a hodgepodge of ecclesiastical doctrines and a distortion of the law of contract; and it is a violation of the fundamental democratic principles under which we are supposed to live, since in a country in which there is no state church or in which the vast majority do not belong to the same church, it is illogical, unjust and undemocratic to impose on all the people a law that embodies ecclesiastical doctrines peculiar to only a part of the population.

As stated above, no new law need interfere with the religious beliefs of anyone; those who wish a religious marriage ceremony and wish to adhere to their religious principles should be permitted, of course, to do so. But so far as their legal rights are concerned they should have their beginning in a ceremony prescribed by law and their whole content should be found in the law of the land applicable to everyone. As the English Royal Commission of 1912 pointed out, no law should be so harsh as to lead to its common disregard, no law should be so loose as to lessen respect for the sanctity of marriage; if given a reasonable law the people can be expected to respect it and to ostracize or condemn those who violate it.

Our present law is held in such contempt by large sections of the community that those who succeed in getting through or around or by it are applauded as clever. ★



We gambled our love on freedom continued from page 17

"It was time for a desperate decision. If we escaped now we might make the Russian lines"

boarded the same truck as Olga again, and she ignored me even more pointedly. That evening Mickey was back with her reply: "She says she is shy with strangers. She also says she ignores you for your own good, since it is the law that prisoners and workers who fraternize will be sentenced to a year at hard labor."

"Tell her I am willing to take a chance on punishment to make her acquaintance, if she is," I told Mickey.

Next day Olga and I worked side by side, unloading fertilizer from a truck. This time she did not turn her back. Instead she smiled, and I smiled in reply. Neither of us understood a word of the other's language, but somehow at that moment, in the unlikely atmosphere of a truckload of fertilizer, an understanding was born between us.

It was a strange courtship. Mostly it had to be conducted via Mickey's services as a courier. Mickey taught me, with great patience, the rudiments of the Ukrainian language so that on the rare occasions when Olga and I could snatch a moment alone I could talk to her. And, more important, understand what she said.

This went on for more than two years. If it sounds somewhat idyllic for two people in desperate plight, the truth is that we were extremely fortunate on the farm of Bruno Wargentin. When we had first been paraded before Wargentin earlier that summer I had felt a chill of apprehension. Here, I thought, is a fanatic. He was a huge man, well over six feet tall and broad in proportions.

Herr Wargentin was fanatical, all right, but only about his farm and his horses and cattle. He made us work hard—he had to, with the district supervisor of farm production constantly pressing him to produce more. But Bruno Wargentin proved himself a decent man. Periodically a Hitler proclamation would demand a special Sunday of work.

"I do not work my animals on Sunday and I will not work men and women," Wargentin was quoted by our grapevine as telling the district supervisor.

It was an ironic tribute to the prisoner-of-war grapevine that we POWs knew of the Russian approach before our masters did. In December 1944 I heard that the Russians were less than a hun-

dred miles away from Schonau and advancing fast. There was an ominous rider to this news: our POW camp—and the Ukrainian labor settlement—were soon to be evacuated westward.

We would be separated, of course. In the turmoil of war Olga and I would probably never find each other again. It was time for a desperate decision. If we escaped together now, we might make our way safely to the Russian lines—and we might be allowed to marry and return to England. The odds were heavily against us whether we stayed or tried to escape together, and I talked the matter over with my fellow POWs. After all, my decision affected them directly. They would be questioned and probably punished when I was found to be missing. But unanimously they gave me their blessing.

"I'll give you a Ukrainian haircut as a parting gift," promised Jock, the Aberdonian who doubled as our barber.

I sent Olga a message by Mickey. Her reply was simple: she was ready to leave with me any time I said. First, we set about gathering what provisions we could for our flight. I stole a small sled from the farm's implement shed and hid it under a pile of straw in a field between our POW quarters and the slave-labor camp.

Olga and I hoarded, grudgingly, half the bread of our rations. We stole and hid on the sled, one at a time, a few eggs, onions, carrots and turnips. I had some canned meat and chocolate from a Red Cross parcel, but fellow prisoners warned me to sacrifice those treasures, since if we were captured they would identify me as a prisoner-of-war.

The night of our escape was cold and stormy, but it offered the one advantage that the heavily drifting snow would cover our tracks. The escape from my cement prison was not too difficult; we had discovered that by pushing on the bottom of one of the heavy double doors, and pulling on the other, a space could be made large enough for a thin man to squeeze through. I shook hands with the ten men who had shared the concrete-walled prison with me, then half of them pulled while the other half pushed—and I was out in the blizzard. No guard was in sight. I walked rapid-

ly toward the Ukrainian slave-labor camp. En route I collected the sled with our supplies.

Olga was waiting for me near her camp. Actually, it was much less difficult for her to get away undetected than for me. The grim truth was that slave workers were considered so expendable by the Germans that they were often not rigorously guarded, on the grounds that few would be unwise enough to try to escape from a place where there was an irreducible minimum of food and shelter into an environment where a homeless enemy civilian was likely to be shot on sight.

Olga was holding in her arms a bundle of clothing—Ukrainian garments to change my identity from British prisoner-of-war to slave laborer. The outfit consisted of coarse wool trousers, a white wool Cossack hat, an embroidered shirt, worn but freshly laundered, and a heavy fleece-lined leather jacket. I asked her how she had managed to obtain such fine garments. Her answer brought a lump to my throat:

"The men knew we were trying to escape together and that you would

need civilian clothes. They gave us these things to wish us Godspeed."

We slipped silently into the snow-filled darkness. About two hours after we started we came to what I had been seeking: a deep gully filled with snow and heavy underbrush. There I changed my clothes and hid my tattered British uniform. There too I discarded the papers that identified me as James Pegg, prisoner-of-war. When I rejoined Olga I had assumed the identity we had decided on. I was now Ivan Yurtschenko, of Kiev, Ukrainian slave laborer and brother of Olga Yurtschenko.

We walked what I calculated to be twelve miles that first night, dragging the sled. At dawn we were within sight of a farm. We hoisted the sled into the hayloft of the cow barn, and while I kept watch Olga swiftly drew a few squirts of milk from several cows.

"This way," she explained in a whisper, "the farmer will never miss the milk."

I smiled at her ingenuity as we sat in the hay and drank the milk and ate some of our provisions. We took turns sleeping and keeping watch, and at nightfall we set out again. We walked at the edge of the road, ready to dive into the ditch at any sound. By day we hid in the heaviest underbrush we could find.

It was a strange journey. We had been in love more than two years, and now for the first time we were together for longer than a few seconds; for the first time we had the leisure to tell our stories to each other.

I was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where my father John Pegg was a coal miner and is now a pump tender at a mine. I tried farm work, but couldn't see a future at six shillings a week; I took one look down my father's mine and decided to join the army. I was then fourteen. After a four-year course with the Royal Engineers I was a full-fledged soldier, taking part in the 1940 Allied invasion of German-held Norway.

Before I was captured I was wounded. After six months in hospital I was sent to a POW camp near Torun, in Poland, where I spent two years working on roads and in sugar-beet factories before I was transferred to Schonau.

Olga's history was even shorter. When



He played cupid

In the slave camp ten-year-old Mickey carried messages between Jim and Olga.

the German army invaded the Ukraine in 1941, she and several other teen-aged boys and girls in her village had been rounded up. Olga's mother, weeping, had walked beside her as the young people were herded toward the railway. A soldier motioned with his gun for the older woman to go back. "Only a little way, a little way," pleaded the girl's mother. The soldier threatened to shoot her if she did not obey. That was the last Olga ever saw of her mother.

By the fifth day of our flight we no longer had to guess the direction of the Russians. That day we hid under a bridge and heard the sounds of gunfire. There were the measured march of German soldiers moving eastward toward the noise of battle, the shuffling of German refugees fleeing westward. The refugees still streamed along the road after dark when we resumed our journey.

Then suddenly, at a turn-in the road, we were looking down the barrel of a tommy gun, and the helmeted face behind the gun demanded: "Ausweis!" We had walked smack into a German road block. The guard wanted our papers. . . . In German I told him the story we had rehearsed. We were Ivan and Olga Yurtschenko, brother and sister, Ukrainians from Kiev district. We had been working on a farm near Altfeld (I had heard that name, but had no idea where it was) until the owner was evacuated. In the confusion our papers were lost. I held my breath and gripped Olga's hand tight. It was a tense moment. Without papers, and with the confusion of retreat, the soldier might well have shot us on the spot. I could see his small blue eyes in the lantern light, considering what he should do. Then he grunted, and motioned toward a truck parked off the road.

Brutality on an incredible scale

Inside were five others who had been trapped by the roadblock—two Polish men, two Ukrainian men and a Ukrainian girl. Presently the truck rumbled off down the road, back into German territory. I felt utterly dejected.

At Dirschau (which the Poles have since rechristened Tczew) we were herded into boxcars and taken to Danzig. We stayed overnight in the Danzig freight yards and next morning our guards marched us through a snowstorm seemingly endless miles to a camp a dozen miles from the port of Gdynia, well behind the front at that time. There the Germans' slave laborers were preparing gun emplacements and anti-tank trenches. Every morning at 4.30 we were aroused by the guards, given a cup of black, bitter *ersatz* coffee, and marched five miles to the site of excavations, where men and women dug and horses hauled earth twelve hours a day without rest or food.

It was not until we returned to camp that we received our one daily meal—soup, black bread and black coffee. It was at the Gdynia camp that I first saw depravity and brutality on an incredible scale. Here men and women were housed in the same shacks. The sanitary facilities consisted simply of a latrine trench used by both men and women. When hungry slave laborers snatched a few potatoes from the straw-covered storage dumps on farm fields, the treatment was incredible.

One night a spot search was made. Four men and four women were found with potatoes—Olga and I might well have been among them, for we were as adept at palming a few potatoes as we passed a dump as any of the others. The

eight were placed in confinement, without food, for five days. Then a long scaffold, which reminded me incongruously of a football goalpost, was erected. On it was placed a sign in Polish, German, Ukrainian and French: "Potato Plunderers." Everyone in camp was ordered to assemble. Then the eight starving, staggering wretches were led out—and hanged before our horrified eyes. Nearby another scaffold was built, this one with a sign reading: "This scaffold ready for other potato plunderers."

That night Olga did something I can

never forget. She had been assigned to kitchen duty that day, and when she returned to me she was carrying nearly half a sack of potatoes! When I saw what was in the bag I snatched my hand away as if the bag contained cobras.

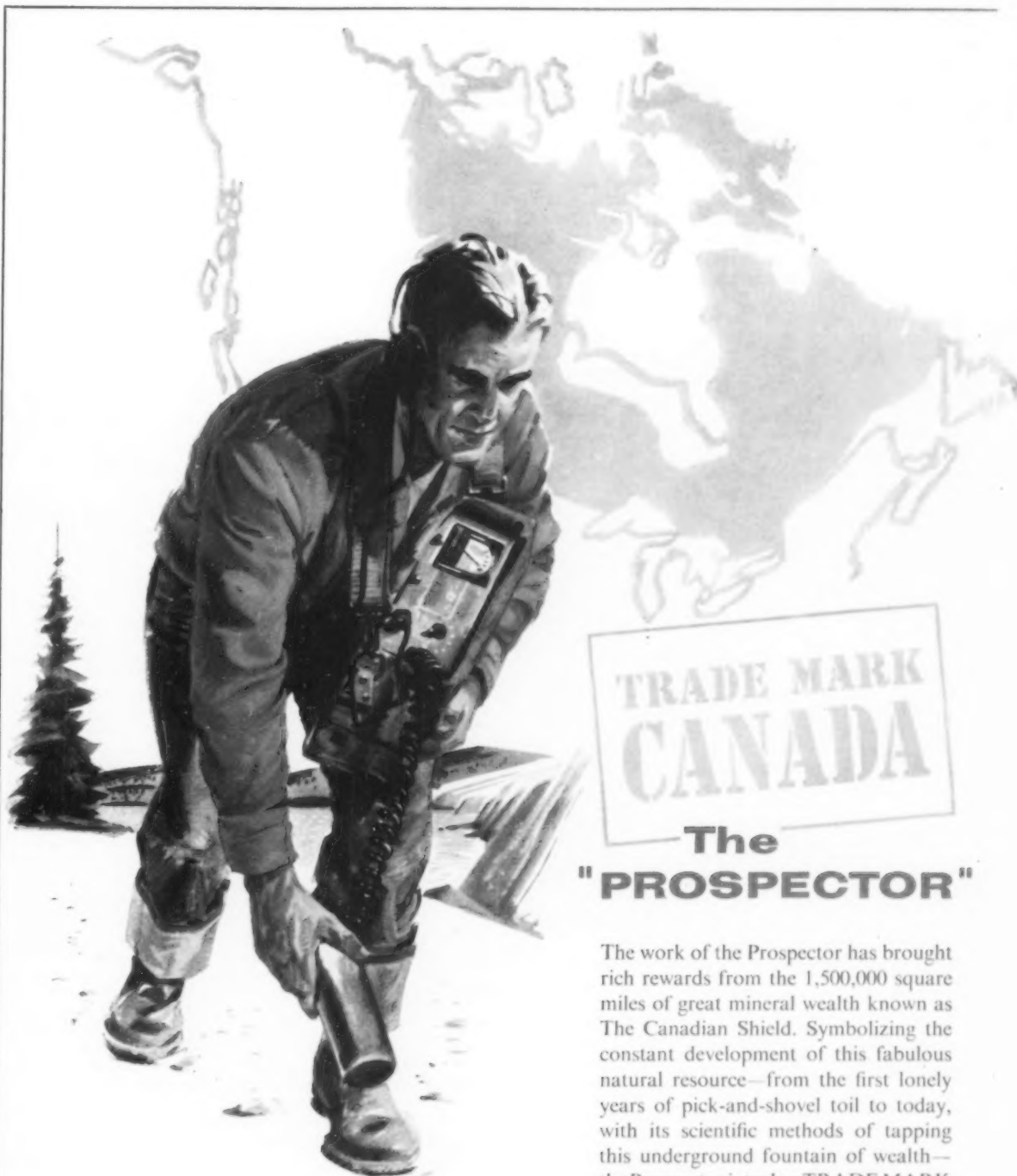
"But don't you know, Olga, that eight people were hanged today for having potatoes—that you were taking a terrible risk to bring these here?"

She nodded and smiled. "Yes, I knew," she said. "But," she persisted, "I wanted you to have them."

I hid the priceless potatoes inside my

coat, ran to the brink of the latrine pit, and hurled them in. It was one of the most difficult things I have ever had to do.

After the first few days of digging, the Russians started to take an interest in our activities. First, a reconnaissance plane came over. Next, all hell broke loose among us in the form of roaring, diving planes, bombs and strafing machine-gun bullets. Olga and I had been working at the side of a French girl named Helene. Instinctively we threw ourselves to the ground. One girl lay



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Mailbag

What makes Canadians different?

Morley Callaghan asks, Why shouldn't we be like the Americans? (June 23) . . . Because we are different, and wish to remain different—because we value what we are . . . Mr. Callaghan seems unaware that history as well as geography has shaped our national character. Montcalm, Lord Durham, Brock, the Rebellion Losses Bill and Sir John A. comprise a tradition that has little in common with the Pilgrim Fathers, Sam Adams, Thomas Jefferson, the Civil War and Teddy Roosevelt.—E. J. BERGBUSCH, SASKATOON.

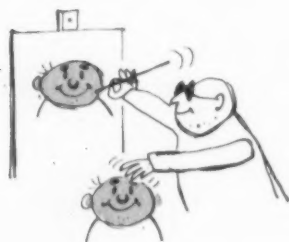
● Let's admit it—the U.S. is the best neighbor any country could ask for.—JACK NYVEEN, MONTREAL.

● Mr. Callaghan presents fairly and sensibly the answer to those nationalists who profess love of Canada but who fervently practice and joyfully proclaim dual loyalties and allegiances . . . Will there ever come a time when those of us who suggest more pride and love for things Canadian, a distinctive Canadian flag, a national anthem, won't be classed as fanatics who wish only to disrupt the commonwealth and to sever connections with our Queen?—WILLIAM R. WILSON, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

● I am constantly ashamed of the colonial attitude in a land as vast as ours—each time I read of a ship being christened Queen Something-or-other or a new hotel named Royal! When will Canadians realize they can never be a great nation until they shed all things other than those North American?—MARY MCLEAN BERGLUND, NORTH BAY, ONT.

How critics see our covers

Your issue of May 26 has just arrived. You might just as well have called the



cover Hamilton Mountain as Trail. These covers have evidently been done by persons who have bad eyesight. Isn't it possible to bring your covers up to the high standard inside?—DONALD N. MCTAVISH, VANCOUVER.

● Congratulations to James Hill on his May 26 cover from a fine-arts student (University of Alberta).—LORNA K. LYLE, EDMONTON.

● Hearty congratulations on your outstanding cover of June 9. The design and the color scheme are perfect and the idea original and amusing! It is a standout.—MRS. VIOLET M. JOHNSON, TORONTO.

● Now another Canadian institution takes a back seat to Americans—the Canadian Army on your June 9 cover blotted out by a U.S. tourist. As for me, I'm going to start another War of 1812.—S. T. MACLEAN, CAMP BORDEN, ONT.

Are Canadians title crazy?

Will someone tell me, what was the point of that stupid story, I Married a Count (June 9)? Have Canadians gone so title crazy that you can imagine it to



be amusing? . . . Among the British aristocracy everybody works and thinks nothing of it, except of course the upper and lower middle class who are the snobs of all countries.—REEVES CAWLEY, DUNCAN, B.C.

● The sweetest story ever told.—MRS. WARNER, ORKNEY, SASK.

Simonds' advice on defense

Thank you for publishing the thought-provoking and informative article by Lt.-Gen. Guy Simonds (Where We've Gone Wrong on Defense, June 23). When this outstanding Canadian was retired from the army, I had the feeling that the Canadian people were being deprived of the services of their best-informed and most devoted military personality while he was at the peak of his efficiency. Your action in publishing his article has done much to alleviate that feeling of loss.—W. E. DUNBAR, WESTMOUNT, QUE.

Toward a greater St. Laurent

Bruce Hutchison in his article on Ottawa (June 23) almost diagnoses Prime Minister St. Laurent's inability to be a flaming meteorite in the political heavens, but doesn't quite make it . . . Had St. Laurent found an enemy equal to himself, he might have been a great national figure.—HAZEL M. STACKHOUSE, GALT, ONT. ★

on either side of me, our bodies almost touching. When the attack was over Olga and I rose cautiously. Helene still lay there—her body riddled by a burst of machine-gun bullets.

Several other workers were killed, so were a few guards—and a number of horses. Silently the prisoners fell on the horses' carcasses and ripped off meat to sear over fires of twigs and devour half raw.

The casualties of that first attack and a second attack the following day were so heavy that the German authorities decided to carry on the work at night. For several nights we worked undisturbed, then one night without warning shells started to fall among us—artillery had moved close enough to reach us. Olga and I had been shoveling earth out of an anti-tank trench near the edge of a wood. I touched her arm and instinctively we understood each other's thoughts. We scrambled up the sides of the trench and ran for the trees.

We were now within reach of the Russian lines. I calculated the Russians would be about fifteen miles away. But between us and freedom were the retreating German forces, an embattled no man's land. We fell back upon our hide-by-day, travel-by-night plan. When the first dawn came we hid in a thicket near a stream and tried to satisfy our hunger by chewing leaves and grass and drinking water. I made a face as I munched my first mouthful of grass, and Olga said: "It isn't bad when you get accustomed to it."

"How do you know?" I asked her. "Oh, I've lived on grass before," she said. During the great Ukrainian famine of 1933, when she was about six, her parents would go off foraging and leave her alone. "And mostly what I could get to eat by myself was grass," she said matter-of-factly.

All that morning planes droned overhead and shells exploded within our hearing, some unpleasantly near. Suddenly Olga cried out softly: "I've been hit!" I had felt nothing after the last shell burst not far away, and I looked at her incredulously. She took her hand from her side and showed me it was smeared with blood. Examination showed that she had no fewer than five wounds spaced up one hip and side, small shrapnel wounds that hurt and bled profusely, but did not penetrate deeply. I tore my embroidered shirt into strips and bandaged her.

Olga smiled with relief when she found her wounds were not serious. "I was so terribly afraid," she said. Then she added hastily: "Oh, not afraid of being wounded, but that I would be a burden on you if I couldn't walk."

That night, as we made our way cautiously through the forest, we heard voices to our right. German voices. We dropped in our tracks and lay still, scarcely breathing. A German patrol passed close by. A careful hour later we were almost thrown off our feet by a tremendous explosion a few feet ahead. We had stumbled on a German artillery position just as it went into action.

We circled wide, found a thick patch of underbrush, and crawled in to rest. There was too much doing out there in the dark forest. German troops began to stream by in numbers. Olga and I hugged each other. This might be the German retreat! Instead of having to get through the German lines, perhaps the German lines would leave us behind.

We lay hidden all that day and started out, filled with caution and hope, as soon as it was dark. We had not walked far when we heard voices. It had become instinctive now to lie flat and keep quiet

at the sound of a human voice, and now we both did so. But Olga put her lips close to my ear and whispered excitedly: "Russians!" Now we could hear them speak again and I knew they weren't Germans. The soldiers advanced cautiously in our direction, but did not see us. When they were close enough to hear, Olga said in a low, penetrating voice: "Tovarisch, tovarisch." Instantly half a dozen rifles swung to cover us, and a voice ordered us to stand up. Olga hastily explained who we were. At the mention of "Englishman" the Russian soldier nearest me solemnly held out his hand. This simple gesture of friendship had a curiously nostalgic effect on me—it was the first time I had shaken hands with a friend from the "outside" in more than four years . . .

The Russian patrol conducted us to a hastily improvised group of tents, wagons and shacks. Our welcome here was even warmer. A group of off-duty officers joined us in a meal, which included copious vodka. When they learned that an escaped English soldier had "liberated" a Ukrainian girl and hoped to marry her, they practically applauded. Lieutenant Ivan Mihaelo, a slender, volatile young man, proposed a toast to us which seemed to please his comrades greatly.

"We have here in these comrades," he said, "a counterpart of our own great romance between a soldier and a farm maiden, as told in the great historic poem Katrina."

"Ah, yes, Katrina," echoed the other officers.

"Of course," continued Mihaelo, his face beaming. "The story of Katrina has a sad ending . . . and so will your romance. You will never receive permission to marry a Russian subject and take her to England. It is forbidden."

The others, too, seemed both sad and overjoyed at the inevitable unhappy ending for my romance with Olga.

Bullets barring their escape

Next day we were given instructions to report to the Russian commandant at Danzig, and we were given a lift on a truck bound for a supply depot near Danzig. At the Danzig command post no welcome awaited us. Instead we were brusquely told by the officer in charge that it was illegal for a Russian subject to consort with a foreigner. Therefore we would both be held for investigation. We were taken to a detention centre on what was once Von Hindenburg's Danzig estate.

The detention centre was not fenced, and we seemed to be casually guarded. But when one or two of the prisoners wandered too far they were quickly brought back by a hail of bullets over their heads. Already I was plotting escape, though. I had no intention of being parted from Olga by Russian red tape after all we had faced to be together.

Then one morning I knew our plans had to be postponed. I was down with a severe attack of dysentery. I am certain that my chances of recovery would have been small had it not been for the fortunate coincidence that we were sharing our quarters with hundreds of cows commandeered by the Russians—and that Olga had a singularly deft hand for undetected milking. On an endless diet of fresh milk I was soon convalescent. Then fate dealt us some new cards in the shape of two English POWs brought in by the Russians.

Harry and Raymond had been picked up by the Russians during their swift advance. Since, like me, they were wearing civilian clothes and had no papers, they

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THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR

were being investigated. But they were being lodged in the detention centre largely as a matter of convenience, and would undoubtedly have been freed and sent on their way back to England in a matter of days. However, when they heard that we were in trouble for "con-sorting," this irrepressible pair decided to make an adventure of things—and to escape with us.

Harry and Raymond had been commandos, and recommended blackened faces as the best method of getting past guards undetected in the dark. So one night we blackened our faces and crawled in Indian file between the guards' positions, moving inches at a time. After an agonizingly long quarter hour we were clear of the centre. We hurried to the railroad station, hoping to hop a freight toward Warsaw where there would be a British embassy or consulate.

But the station was swarming with guards. A Pole spoke to assured us that nobody could board any train without a military pass.

"Well, then," said Harry, a bold little man, "let's go to the command post and get passes." I told him Olga and I were already unfavorably known there. Harry thought a moment. "Tell you what," he said, "Raymond and I'll go. We'll ask for a pass for four. We'll say the other two are sick and can't come."

I thought it was the most improbable plan I'd ever heard, and said so. But Harry and Raymond went off cheerily and presently were back — wearing broader grins than ever. They actually brought back a pass allowing three Englishmen and one "Englishwoman" to travel unhindered. Harry explained that the commandant had been out, and they had talked a sergeant into issuing the pass.

As we neared Warsaw, people crowded around at every stop, clamoring to buy any article of clothing we could spare. To keep ourselves fed we sold everything beyond the barest minimum of decency. Olga arrived in Warsaw wearing only a ragged dress. The nearest train got to Warsaw was some distance outside the city, since all tracks and stations inside the city limits—like most of the city itself—were in ruins. As we left the train, Olga was carrying our last saleable asset, a bedsheet purloined at the detention centre. It had once been white but now was nearer black. A woman approached and asked Olga how much she wanted for the sheet.

"Enough to buy a loaf of bread," answered Olga shrewdly.

"That will be forty zlotys," answered the woman, handing over a sheaf of grubby bills. We asked her where the British embassy was, and she said there was none in Warsaw.

We hurried through the cleared narrow paths in this most devastated of all cities. Several more people shook their heads when we asked for the British embassy. We came upon a makeshift kiosk that arose out of the rubble. In it was a shelf of cigarettes for sale. We three men stopped and stared, entranced. We hadn't smoked anything better than dried leaves rolled in newsprint for longer than we cared to remember. Olga, who doesn't smoke, looked at us in mock disgust. "You men!" she said.

But she bought a package of ten cigarettes. The price was the same as a dirty sheet or a loaf of bread: forty zlotys, or five dollars. We sat there on the rubble and smoked in huge enjoyment while Olga shook her head at us.

And immediately our prodigality was rewarded. What seemed to be a mirage loomed on the street—a jeep flying a

huge Stars and Stripes. We stood in the middle of the street and flagged it down. The driver, an American army major, stopped but looked dubiously at his accosters, three dirty unshaven men who must have looked like cutthroats, and a ragged young woman whose light-green eyes looked out of a dusty face. Our accent soon convinced him that we were indeed Englishmen — and he had the best of news for us. There was a British embassy in town; only that morning an ambassador and his staff had flown in and taken up quarters at the Hotel Polonia.

"Pile in," said the U.S. major, "I'll run you over."

A wedding in two languages

Minutes later we dismounted before one of the few large buildings remaining intact in Warsaw, and walked through the revolving doors into a magnificence we had forgotten existed. Dirty and ragged as we were, we just stood there, too embarrassed to move or speak. Then two men got out of the hotel elevator and spoke these memorable words: "I say, clerk, is that clock right?" The words were memorable because they were pronounced in an unmistakable English accent. Both men were members of the newly arrived British embassy staff; one was Freddy Wall, the other's name was Russell. When Russell heard my story and Olga's, he wept softly. Wall's sympathy was more practical. He took one look at Olga's clothing and solemnly presented her with a monogrammed pair of underwear shorts and an undershirt. With these respectable garments under her tattered dress, Olga and I were married next day. Rather unfairly, I wore a spanking-new U.S. uniform, kindly provided by the American authorities (characteristically, the Yanks had flown their stuff in, while British supplies were en route by slow freight).

The wedding ceremony took place in a small room in the basement of a little ruined Methodist church. The pastor, Rev. Konstanty Najder, had lived in New York for a time, so he was able to conduct the ceremony in both Russian and English, for the respective benefit of bride and groom. The ring I placed on Olga's finger was provided by Raymond. Some girl had given it to him, he said. It was made of a small German gold piece beaten into shape. Olga wears it to this day, along with the more orthodox wedding ring I gave her later.

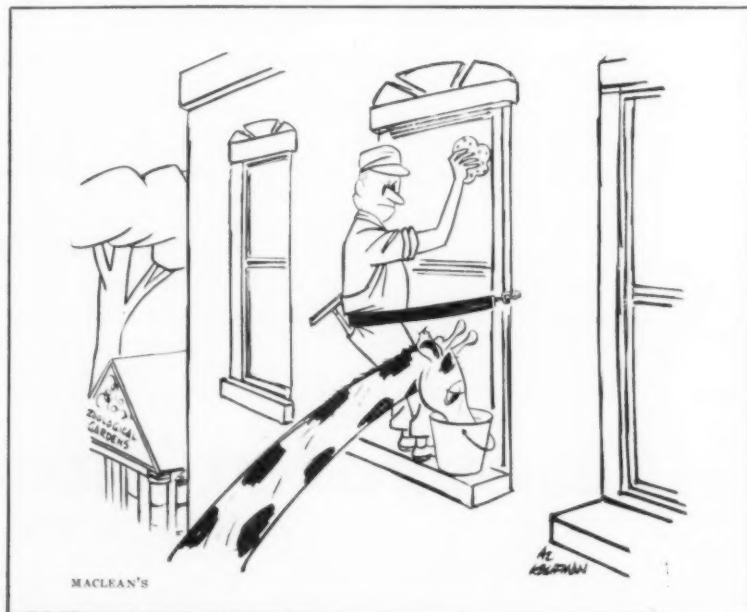
After the wedding there was a real wedding reception attended by the British ambassador, His Excellency Victor Cavendish-Bentinck. Olga and I can still remember the food—potatoes and spaghetti seemed quite as luxurious as the assorted meats and the wine. Olga, demure in her tattered dress over Freddy Wall's underwear, was handed one hundred pounds, a wedding gift from the embassy staff "in honor of the embassy's first clients."

Olga went shopping for clothes and shoes—and next day permitted the "official" wedding photograph to be taken. Womanlike, she did not want her marriage to be recorded in the battered dress in which she escaped—although to me it always has seemed a cloak of honor and courage.

Freddy Wall had warned us that our marriage made no difference in our status as far as the Russians were concerned; Olga would not be given a permit to leave and we would be kept in the embassy for safety until something could be worked out. What went on behind the scenes we will never know. But suddenly one morning Olga was bundled into an English-looking coat and we slipped into a closed car at the Hotel Polonia's side door. In this car we not only drove out to the airport, but right up to an RAF Dakota plane waiting on the runway with engines running. We hopped aboard and the plane took off immediately. A few hours later we were in London.

That is the end of what happened to us except for a few loose ends. I had five years' back pay waiting for me, and ran my own small furniture-moving business until two years ago when I decided to do what I had wanted to do since I was a small boy—come to Canada. With our year-old daughter Anne we arrived in Toronto two years ago. Soon I got a job as switchman with the CNR and all three of us are rapidly becoming Canadians.

We have only the slightest inner differences to show for our strange adventure, Olga and I. I have become practically a vegetarian—after those horses at the slave camp. It's still an excitement to enter a supermarket with its incredible offering of food. But mostly we think and feel like Canadians. What problem would you say, for example, now bothers Olga and me most? Why, the same as most Canadians: how we can raise the down payment for a little NHA home of our own. ★





Backstage at Ottawa continued from page 7

"Saskatchewan was a defeat and a disappointment"

was reckoned as a minus quantity.

Even Social Crediters in Ottawa were pleased at the defeat and humiliation of their onetime colleagues in Quebec.

"We were glad to see the defeat of the so-called Liberal candidates who claimed to be Social Crediters," said one Social Credit MP. "If we'd been strong enough we would have run real Social Credit candidates against all four of them. We weren't able to do that, but we're delighted that they were beaten anyway."

Until a few years ago, the men who now lead the Union of Electors were the Quebec wing of the Social Credit movement. They still preach Social Credit economic doctrine. To the intermittent embarrassment of the party's national leaders, they also preach Fascism and anti-Semitism — Louis Even's newspaper *Vers Demain* (Toward Tomorrow) has published translations of that most notorious of all anti-Semitic forgeries, the so-called "Protocols of Zion," and is frequently and openly pro-Fascist. This was one reason why Even and his followers were ousted from the national Social Credit movement several years ago.

Pressure didn't succeed

But Fascist and anti-Semitic views alone don't always lead to expulsion from Social Credit ranks. At a campaign meeting in Nokomis, Sask., in June, Orvis Kennedy, the party's national organizer, was quoted as saying, "Hitler would have been all right if he had been let alone." John Blackmore, MP and former House leader of the parliamentary group, was challenged a year or two ago for distributing anti-Semitic pamphlets postage-free by using his postal frank as a member of parliament. It turned out the pamphlets had been sent by his secretary, Doris Moore, but Blackmore made no apology or repudiation.

The real point of difference, on which the Social Credit Party and its Quebec group parted company, was an issue of tactics. Louis Even and his Quebec followers thought the most effective way to reach a political objective was not to form a separate party, but to act as a pressure group on other parties. They were using this method in Quebec to a greater extent than the national party would permit. Rather than drop it, they withdrew and formed the Union of Electors.

In the intervening years they have demonstrated that their technique as a pressure group is formidable, to say the least. Some time ago they put on a campaign in Quebec for a minimum family allowance of seventy-five dollars a month per family. At five-minute intervals from six in the morning until midnight, their members would telephone the local MP and say: "This is So-and-so of Such-and-such address. I'm one of your electors and I voted for you last time. Will you support a motion in parliament for a family allowance of seventy-five dollars?"

By the time this had gone on for a few days, the MP would be frantic. Several had their telephones temporarily disconnected. Several more did make

speeches in the house advocating an increase in family allowances.

When the pressure campaign was in full swing a delegation from the Union of Electors came to Ottawa to lobby members of parliament on the spot. In the course of their canvass they called on Ernest Hansell, national president of the Social Credit Association and MP for Macleod, Alta.

"We won't take much of your time, Mr. Hansell, because we know you Social Crediters agree with us," said one.

"That is where you're wrong," Hansell said. "I don't agree with you at all. You couldn't hand out seventy-five dollars a month to every family at a time like this without starting an absolute runaway of inflation."

"Ah, but we know where to get the money," another delegate said. "We will take it from this two billion dollars we are spending for defense, which is not necessary."

Hansell didn't bother trying to answer that one. He said: "Anyway, your method is completely wrong. You will never get your seventy-five-dollar family allowance this way. Any MP can get up and make a speech advocating it, and he can have the speech printed and distributed by the thousand to prove to the voters that he is on the right side of this question, and do you know what will happen? Absolutely nothing."

"If you want something done, the only way is to organize a party and elect members who agree with you in principle. This lobbying by pressure groups will never get you anywhere."

"We'll see about that," said the Union delegation, and departed.

The Quebec election, with its "united opposition" against Premier Maurice Duplessis, was the biggest test yet undertaken of the Union of Electors' pressure-group method. If they had succeeded, they would have been certain that their way was right and the Social Credit Party wrong. That's why even the Social Crediters were pleased at the result in Quebec.

Publicly, some of them even affect to be happy about the Saskatchewan returns—three Social Credit members elected, and a popular vote of twenty-one percent compared with four percent last time.

Privately, they make no such pretense. Saskatchewan was a decisive defeat and a bitter disappointment. The little three-man Social Credit group in the legislature will be systematically ignored by both the CCF government and the Liberal opposition—Premier Tommy Douglas regards the Liberals as old friends, compared with the Socreds, and will do all he can to make them appear in a favorable light as contrasted with Social Crediters.

As for the popular vote, the increase sounds more impressive than it is. This is the first time since before the war that Social Credit has run a full slate of candidates. The party put on such a campaign as it never did before, in any province outside its own domains of Alberta and B.C. It ended up with one more seat than it got in 1938, when the movement was still in its infancy. ★

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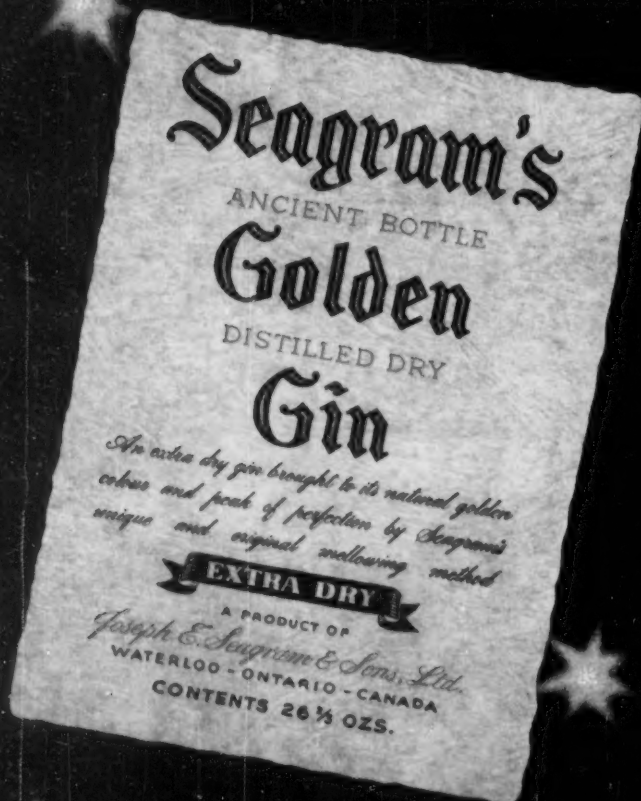
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Parade

What cows do with their time

A GREENHORN from Natal, B.C., was giving an elderly farmer friend a hand during haying. Conscious of his own ignorance and wanting to do everything the right way, the amateur paused with his pitchfork ready for the next throw when he discovered they were into a patch heavy with weeds. "Should I sort the hay from the weeds?" he asked apologetically. The old fellow thought this over a minute and replied, "No, I think the cows have more time than you've got."

* * *

No sooner had the barbers in Yellowknife, N.W.T., raised the price of a haircut to a new high of \$1.40 than the local prospectors, miners and businessmen began to plot openly how to get their money's worth at the new rate. And no sooner did the barbers get wise than they announced an additional charge of twenty-five cents for new crew cuts and for all hair not cut for a month.

* * *

While a lot of romantics in Moose Jaw, Sask., were gloating over the summertime rash of wedding announcements in the society pages of the Times-Herald, there was solace for cynics farther back in the For Sale column, which recently carried these two advertisements in a single issue: "Diamond engagement and wedding rings. Matched set. Never worn. Apply box 46 . . ." and "Wedding dress, white, size 14. Never worn. Phone . . ."

* * *

A pair of exiled Canadians journeyed from their home in Plainfield, N.J., to their native New Brunswick for a summer vacation and there played a game of golf on the Riverside course near Saint John. Hubby's game was going fine and when he excelled himself with one long drive straight down a narrow fairway he



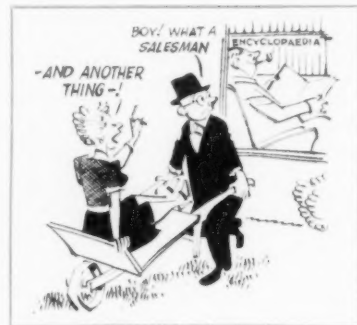
set off exuberantly to overtake his ball. Hunting for her own ball in the rough, his wife heard a startled cry from her husband and looked up to see him chasing a large red fox across the fairway, shouting "Stop fox!" "Fox, drop that!" Didn't do any good, of course, and later when they told their story to the club pro he shrugged and said it happens all the time—local ground rules say you just drop another ball and no penalty.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Brightest four-year-old we've heard of this month lives in Agincourt, Ont., where his mother took him on a Sunday-school picnic only to lose him in the excitement of watching his first three-legged race. She was starting an anxious search for her small one when loud and clear above all the other talk, shouts and laughter came a desperate young treble crying, "Jessie—Jessie." When mother finally got to his side and had him calmed down again she asked him how come he called her Jessie when he always called her mother at home. The tyke looked at her with justified disdain and declared shortly, "It was no use calling mother—the place is full of mothers."

* * *

Brief but sizeable advertisement in the Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph, "Seven en-



cyclopedias for sale (my wife knows everything) . . ."

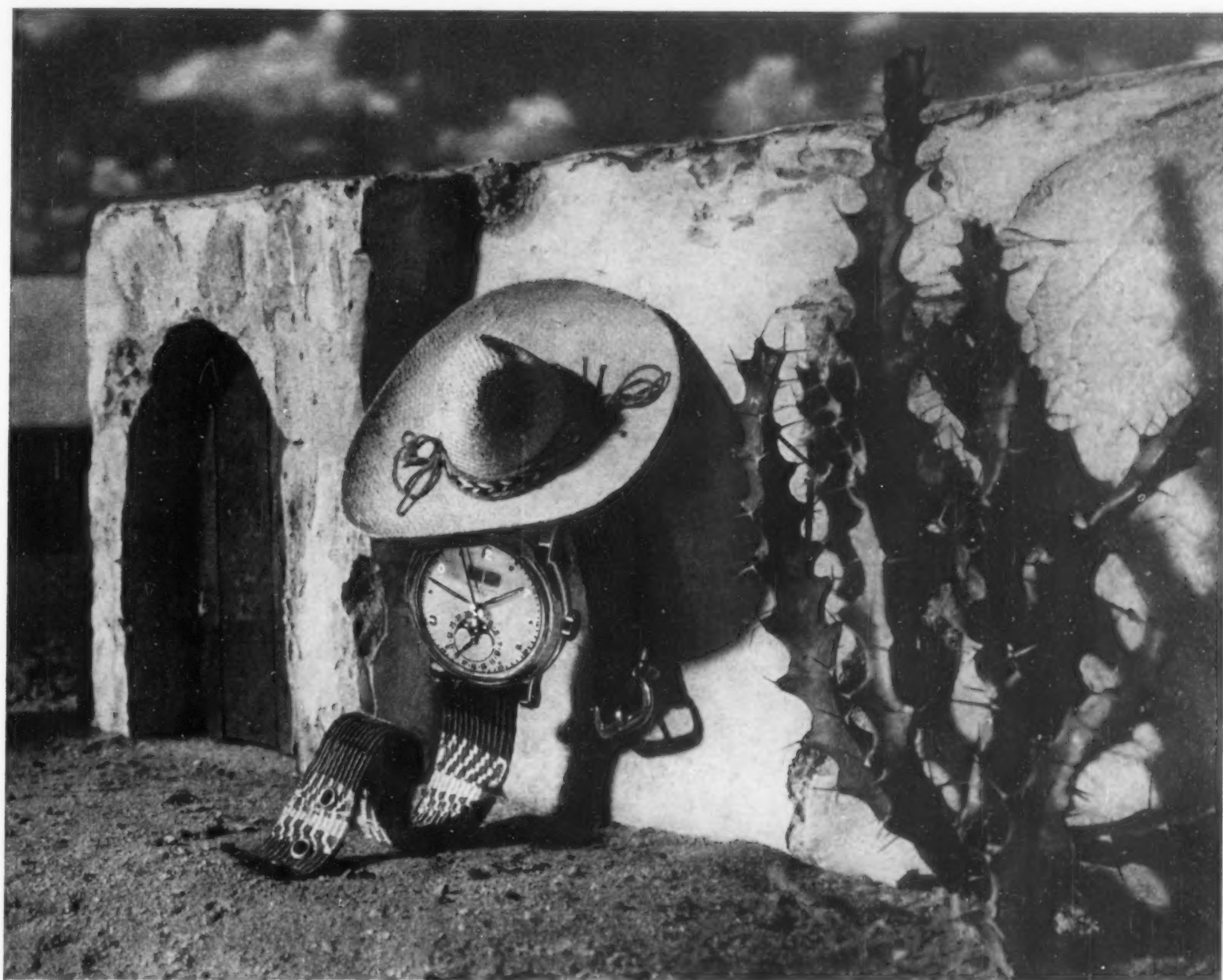
* * *

We knew something like this would finally happen if admen kept talking off the tops of their heads. We might have known it would be a real-estate ad writer—and it was. Just read this classified ad from the Victoria Daily Times: Four rooms and one acre. The 20-ft.-long living room is all cleared and has rich black loam soil. Spick-and-span garden with hardwood floors. Close to insulation. Bus goes through walls, floors and ceilings. The circle is four miles. Good terms. Price . . .

* * *

Yet an even more hopeless case of hucksteritis has just been reported to us from across the strait in Vancouver, where a direct-mail salesman has taken to sending out his sales letters already crumpled up, ready to toss in the waste-paper basket. Says so right in the letter, if you bite and uncrumple it.

Personally, we're waiting for one that comes crumpled and sealed in its own individual sanitary wastebasket. Insist on instant disposal, or tell the postman to take it back.



All the time in the world

It serenely ticks seconds into minutes. Totals minutes into hours, days, weeks and years. Then, without urging, takes a hitch in its own mechanism and automatically adjusts itself when Leap Year rolls around!

The watch that thinks as it ticks is the jeweled-lever calendar watch. Its parentage, like most of the time-keeping miracles of the past 300 years, is Swiss.

It was a Swiss watchmaker who first essayed to split the second—and neatly sliced it into

5 equal parts with the chronograph. It was Swiss imagination that ventured outside time's own horizon to bring you watches that would tell the tide—do arithmetic—measure speed and distance—resist shock and water—buzz an alarm . . . even watches that would wind themselves with no more effort than an occasional twist of your wrist.

Time has come far. Today's most modern jeweled-lever watches wear the timeless stamp of Swiss watchmaking genius. See them.



For the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide. His wise counsel will help you select the perfect Swiss watch for any occasion. His expert skills will keep it ticking perfectly.

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